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First of twelve articles on theology for our time:

HERE MAN WORSHIPS

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e Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families September 1961

SHE'S IRISH--AND SHE GOES TO THE METHODIST SCHOOL IN DUBLIN (See page 76)

CHARLES WOLBROOK LIB
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'Then shall all the trees

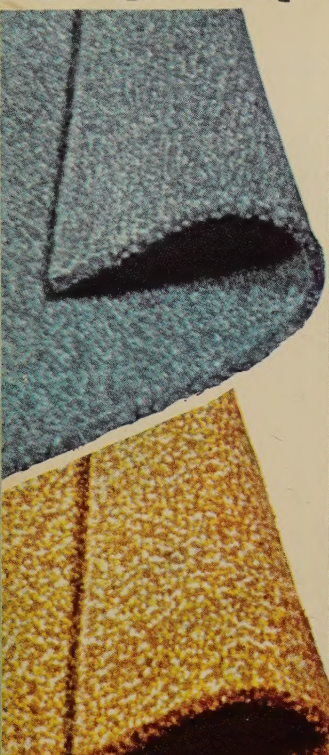
FEW WOULD compare the beauty of the utilitarian 2 by 4, an item available in any lumberyard, with that of the tree from which it was cut. But when a 2 by 4 is transformed into a free-standing cross, bejeweled and aglow with glistening ceramic pieces, that's another matter. Such a cross is the focal point of a worship center in the new educational unit at First Methodist Church of Cicero, Ill.—thanks to the artistic one-two punch of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Huth, members who devoted weeks

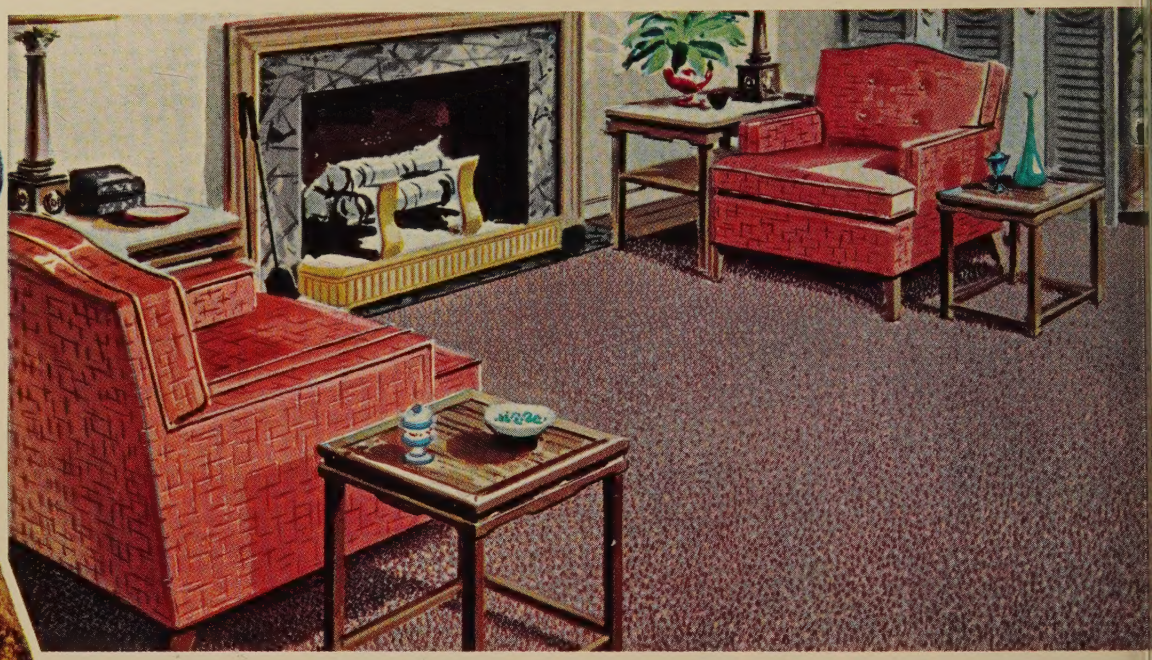
e wood sing for joy...' —*Psalms 96:12*

to the project. The Huths combined their talents to make the 30-inch oak cross, one of three units in a memorial dedicated to Mrs. Huth's grandmother, Mrs. Jennie Walker, for many years an active member of the church. Mr. Huth hollowed out areas into which his wife painstakingly fitted red, green, and blue tile carved with religious symbols. The cross, before which Larry Stahle poses in the picture above, is bolted to a wall-mounted oak altar also made by Mr. Huth. On the wall above the altar is another distinctive Huth creation: ceramic portraits of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Mrs. Huth, a graduate of Chicago's Art Institute, admits things didn't always turn out as planned. Sometimes the ceramic pieces didn't fit, and once she borrowed some brass from one of her three son's model railroads. "Strangely enough," says Mrs. Huth, "when things seemed to go wrong and we had to compensate, the result usually was much more impressive than what we had planned before the work began!"

Lovelier, Low Priced RUGS, CARPETIN

SAVE up to 1/2 — OLSON Factory-to-Yo





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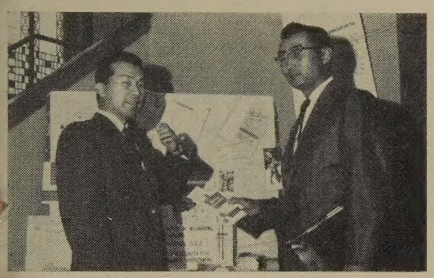
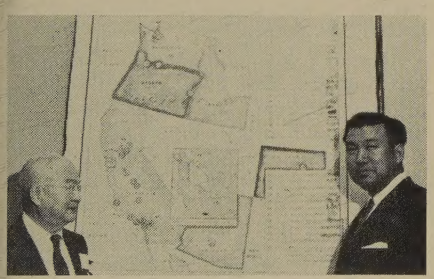
VOLUME 5, NUMBER 9 SEPTEMBER, 1961

Presiding at the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference is Bishop Donald H. Tippett, left, with Superintendent Taro Goto and Secretary Waichi Oyanagi.



Conference Lay Leader Al Shimoguchi of Page Mill Church, Palo Alto, discusses the Christian Social Concerns exhibit with Peter Chen, pastor of the Gardena Church.



Hand rendered in full color by retired Berkeley pastor Isaac Inouye, left, a map locating all PJPC churches is inspected by Sadao Masuko, Oxnard minister.

The Conference registrars, Mrs. Sono Fujie, left, and Miss Sachi Kajiwara, both of the host West Tenth Church, Oakland.

Japanese Conference Work Advances

Japanese and English speaking ministers for the 32 western states churches of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference received their annual appointments June 25 in Oakland.

Five new assignments were among the pastoral appointments: Jutaro Yokoi was named to the Arizona Circuit as well as El Monte; Waichi Oyanagi went to Hood River and Portland, Oregon, from Tacoma; Michael Morizono received his first appointment as Nisei assistant minister at West Tenth, Oakland, host church to the Conference; and Yoshio Ohtomo, transferring in from Sao Paulo, Brazil, was named to the Fresno Church.

The assignments were made in the final day of the annual sessions of the Japanese Conference, with Bishop Donald H. Tippett presiding. Because there are not enough bilingual ministers, many churches support two men, one to speak for the first generation, or Issei, members, and a Nisei minister.

Reassigned for the 12th year as superintendent of the Conference is the Rev. Taro Goto of Lodi. Five ministers were named as his district assistants: Shigeo Shimada of Spokane, the Pacific Northwest District; Lester Suzuki of Sacramento, Central California; Francis Hayashi of San Jose, San Francisco Bay; Thomas Machida, Los Angeles, Southern California; and Paul Hagiya of Denver, Colorado District. Lloyd Wake of San Francisco was appointed assistant at large.

Reports placed total membership of the churches at 6,157, a 2.38 per cent increase for the year. There are 1,877 preparatory members. Church-school enrollment is 5,430 with an average attendance of 3,120.

The more than 250 laymen and ministers attending the sessions adopted a Conference budget of $20,345 for 1961-62, up more than 2½ per cent from last year. Of this total, $4,400 goes into Methodism's global "world service" program.

Preparation for the integration of the PJPC and the several annual conferences of the Western Jurisdiction, scheduled for 1964, was a major general consideration behind the routine of reports and program actions. Reports were heard on building programs underway in Los Angeles, Gardena, Livingston, Dinuba and Seattle.

Four resolutions presented by the Commission on Christian Social Concerns were adopted by the Conference. The first supported the action of "Freedom Riders" as "a means of awakening the social conscience of our nation." The second supported the traditional principle of separation of church and state. The third urged permanent cessation of nuclear tests by all powers, except those "for peaceful purposes conducted under United Nations auspices." The fourth voiced support for Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles in his recent challenge to Robert Welch, Birch Society founder, to "get specific" about 7,000 Protestant pastors he allegedly said are Communist.

The Conference voted a $150 contribution to a fund for the purchase of property near the United Nations in New York where it is proposed to build a Methodist or Protestant center.

More than $1,500 was appropriated for the unique "ministry to newcomers" which the Japanese churches have developed, especially in Southern California. The plan reaches so-called "war brides," new immigrants, contract workers from Japan, and the "Kibei"—former American Japanese who returned to Japan, but have come back again to America.

Scholarship aid was awarded five seminary students: Shigeo Kanda and Edward Iwamoto at the Southern California School of Theology, Lloyd Matsuoka at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, Michael Morizono at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, and Robert Yamashita at Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago.

The June 1962 Japanese Conference will be held in Seattle where the $350,000 Blaine Memorial Japanese Church is scheduled for completion.

Added Appointments Made In Cal-Nevada Conference

Six added California-Nevada Conference pastoral appointments have been announced by Bishop Tippett since the annual session in June. Coming from the church at Willits, Charles A. Woodworth was named associate at First Church, Oakland. Robert K. Shartz, transferring from the Central Illinois Conference, is the new associate at Glide Memorial, San Francisco.

In the Fresno District, Nicholas Elliott was appointed to the Alpaugh Church, and D. L. Foster to Riverbend.

In the Sacramento-Nevada District Claude Richards was assigned to Aldersgate Church in Del Paso Heights, and John R. Vaught was appointed to the Elverta Church.

—YOUR EDITORS.

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Religious Art Shows Enrich Church Life

Several church sponsored art exhibitions and competitions during recent months indicate a growing recognition of the contribution of the graphic arts to religious experience in the California-Nevada Conference.

The *Art in April* show at First Church, Modesto, attracted 171 entries from several California cities including oils, watercolors, mosaics, sculpture and photographs. An oil painting, *Mother and Child,* won the first award for Isabel Schrock Barnett. Richard H. Reynolds, chairman of the University of the Pacific Art Center headed the judging.

A project of the First Church Worship Commission, the exhibition ran a full week. The first of its kind sponsored by the church, the festival drew hundreds of visitors and gained excellent press coverage.

At Trinity Church, Chico, it was the Education Commission which conceived and staged a pre-Easter art exhibit and festival. The show presented works of five professional artists in the church membership, but also involved the church school. Each department developed an art or crafts display.

Comments on Art Show

Among the comments of Mrs. John V. Moore: "We have felt that our appreciation and understanding of all types of art is greatly lacking (in the church). One of our artists, Ken Morrow, is a professor of art at Chico State and is of the contemporary school. His paintings . . . are startling enough to arouse strong reactions on the part of many who prefer 'pretty' art. Another artist had an entire room of beautifully executed water colors, some of which have since been sold. Our exhibit was a whopping success and we hope to continue our plans next year, with more works of sculpture."

A *just for fun* art show was held in May at Carlmont Church, San Carlos, a one-night stand for which no tickets were sold and no awards made. "For our mutual enjoyment alone," reported the Carlmont *Vine.*

William Rudhman, left, director of First Church Art Exhibit at Modesto, shows prize winning entries of exhibit to Orville Underwood, Worship Commission chairman.

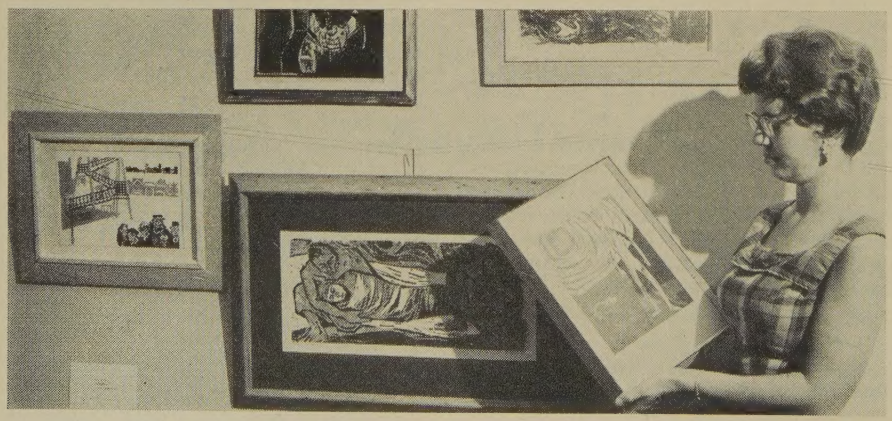
Also in May the Castro Valley Church presented its first annual Madonna Festival, this one sponsored by the WSCS. Many artists, amateur and professional, submitted entries of many types. There were no awards, but a "popularity poll" put two entries at the top: Lenore Wickham's bas-relief interpretation of Michael Angelo's *Holy Family,* and Mary Breazeale's *Nativity Set* done in ceramic.

The festival also included an illustrated address on religious art by Helen Giambruni. Miss Giambruni is assistant professor of art at the University of California.

One of the best established of church art shows in the West had its fifth annual exhibit at the Church of the Wayfarer, Carmel, in July, coincident with the noted Bach Festival there.

Artists from throughout California participate in this event which displays painting, sculpture, stained glass, ceramic, weaving, and metal work. Last year 925 visitors cast ballots for the popular award. This year's results were not available at press time.

Shown at the Annual Conference sessions in Stockton and at several colleges and universities during the year, as arranged by the campus pastors of the Conference, was the striking Motive Art Show. This is an outstanding traveling exhibit of contemporary religious art sponsored by *motive,* national Methodist Student Movement magazine.



Joan Ulrich, U of P publicist, inspects Motive Art Exhibit at Conference.

SEPTEMBER, 1961 **Vol. 5, No. 9**

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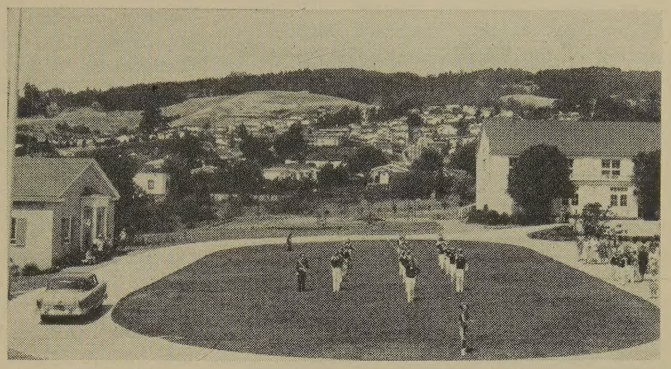
CRUSADE WILL DEVELOP CAMPS AND FRED FINCH HOME

An institute scene typical of Methodist youth camping programs.



Special activity on the campus of the Fred Finch Children's Home.

Help for Teenagers Marks Home Program

In the Fred Finch Children's Home of Oakland, the California-Nevada Conference sustains a specialized function in a field where service is seriously lacking today.

The teenager in need is the special project of this institution today, founded nearly 70 years ago, but working now at a critical and immediate community problem. Lonely, disturbed, and disoriented adolescents are finding here a home away from home—an unfortunate and too frequent need in the society of the times.

School-age and adolescent boys and girls may be admitted here for varied reasons: because they must have a home and will benefit from group living, because they may be socially retarded to the degree they are not acceptable to a private foster family, because a child and a step-parent may have been unable to accept each other, because it may keep a brother and sister together, because they are unwanted or rejected out of split family situations, or because they have need of the special diagnostic observation and study available here.

Applications for admission come from parents, relatives, pastors, and public welfare agencies. If the services available can meet their needs, children are admitted without restriction as to race or religion. They may be accepted from any community in the area of the Conference.

Located at 3800 Coolidge Avenue in east Oakland, the Fred Finch campus is in the image of the American home and school—not of the orphange institution. Its young people attend public schools and Methodist or other Protestant churches, and participate in various campus and community projects and activities as they are qualified. Their average stay in at the home is one year, although some remain longer if continued residence is the best available plan.

Ideally, they return to their own families, a result which often means the solution also of parent problems through case work services. For this, and the "treatment oriented" program which must be devised for each student, a highly specialized staff of social workers must be maintained.

Not more than one-third of the operating budget of the Fred Finch Home can be sustained by collections from clients. A small endowment and support of the public community-chest accounts for approximately another third. Gifts through the church must account for the rest.

Capital funds for new buildings and improvements are entirely an additional finance problem. At this point the United Methodist Crusade can materially advance the Fred Finch program. The $110,000 earmarked for the home could build a crafts and utility building, provide 15 more bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen, a dining room, two apartments for house parents, a landscaping project—and some relief on operating budgets.

Advance gifts committees are at work now seeking major donors for the Conference-wide crusade. In November, through fully organized district and local groups, the opportunity will be presented for 124,000 California-Nevada Conference Methodists to share in the building of the Fred Finch Home and three other youth service agencies—Methodist Camps, University of the Pacific, and Methodist Student Centers.

Youth Leaders Training Program Begins in Fall

Reservations are now open for three fall Convocations for Adult Workers with Youth. Mrs. Rachael Jones of Sunnyvale, chairman of the planning committee, said the training sessions will be held at Camp Sierra October 20-21, Monte Toyon November 3-5, and White Sulphur Springs November 10-12.

Youth Division enrollments in the church schools are at an all-time high, and MYF evening fellowships are growing.

Applications for enrollment on Education, P. O. Box 467, San Francisco 1, Calif.

Methodist Camps, Inc., Seeks New Facilities

The rediscovery of the out-of-doors assembly has been one of the most fruitful experiences of the church in the 20th century. Scores of the best leaders of the church today, laymen and ministers alike, trace the source of their commitments to the earlier Epworth League institutes or to the "modern" Methodist Youth Fellowship camps.

To make these group camping experiences available to growing numbers of all ages is a critical problem in the California-Nevada Conference today. More and more extension and improvement of physical facilities is necessary, unless the camping opportunity is to be highly restricted. Population is "exploding" and the church is growing, while suitable and available sites for Conference ground developments are becoming more scarce and expensive.

Five properties are now owned or leased by the Conference or closely related agencies, and given general management supervision through California-Nevada Methodist Camps Incorporated. Long-term leases are now being negotiated for two new sites with the United States Forest Service.

Monte Toyon is secluded in a coast range Redwood grove south of Santa Cruz. White Sulphur Springs, most recently acquired location, includes 640 acres of canyon and forested hills in Napa County. The Mount Shasta Camp rests in United States Forest Service lands of Siskiyou County. Skylandia has a frontage on the west shore of Lake Tahoe. Camp Sierra is on a rugged Sierra canyon side east of Fresno, between Shaver and Huntington Lakes.

Monte Toyon, White Sulphur Springs, and Camp Sierra are the most fully developed operations, all with dormitories, dining halls, improved recreation areas, assembly and study facilities to accommodate larger conferences and institutes.

Shasta is the most primitive, suited to the more rugged camping programs and restricted to summer use. The others are open all year, which makes snow

—YOUR EDITORS.

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conferences and winter sports available at Skylandia and Camp Sierra.

The sites under negotiation are on Peppermint Creek in Sequoia National Forest and in the Tamarack Meadows section of the Sierra National Forest.

In the summer season schedules alone, registrations now run near or over the 3,000 mark for the Conference camps for youth at various age levels. Some factors, such as increasing public summer school attendance and more summer employment of youth, tend to limit camps enrollment. But a high proportion of the camps operate at capacity and the total participation cannot increase radically unless facilities increase. Earlier than ever advance registrations for youth camps this year indicate the continued pressure.

The camping program is broadening, too. Adult and family camps are now well established, as well as special activity camps turning on church music, the fine arts, recreation or leadership training. Trail camping is also part of the program.

Present financing is inadequate for the maintenance and development of the camp facilities. The Conference Camp Ground Fund is not among the fixed responsibilities of the local church. It continues in the Conference budget as a "recommended item," waiting upon the added giving of congregations beyond their accepted Conference apportionments.

Success of the United Methodist Crusade will mean $200,000 for camps development. This is enough merely to gain a few new facilities, improve maintenance, and make some basic installations at new campsites. It will provide critical special help, but the growth of the whole program will depend, too, on the continued advance of regular annual support for the Camp Ground Fund.

Youth Give Service

Four California-Nevada Conference college students participated in volunteer service projects this summer sponsored by the Methodist Student Movement and the national boards of missions and education.

Carol Forbes and Tonya Smithousen of Orland, both seniors last year at Chico State College, worked from June 19-July 31 at two "inner-city" churches in Albany, New York, where rapid social change is in progress.

Theodore J. Papenfuss of Berkeley, sophomore zoology major last year at the University of California, is with an MSM European travel seminar until August 30. The group is studying the life and mission of the church toward seeking a more significant role for laymen.

Stanley E. Todd of Turlock, student at the Davis campus of the university, was assigned to a work camp in southeastern Brazil, June 17-July 20. He was among 11 students who built an open air chapel at the Rural Institute in Itapina.

National Youth Meetings

Don L. Baldwin of the San Rafael Church, national Methodist Youth Fellowship president, will preside at business sessions of the 1961 national MYF Conference, August 16-23 at the University of Michigan. He is the son of the Rev. Don H. Baldwin, San Rafael pastor and a one-time national president of the Epworth League, predecessor to the MYF of today.

Official California-Nevada Conference representatives will be Rich Watters of the Millbrae Church, MYF president, and Robert Beyer of First Church, Modesto, Wesley Fellowship president. Ronald Murdoff, MYF vice-president from Napa will also attend.

The conference will also have more than 60 delegates at the seventh quadrennial National Methodist Student Movement Conference at the University of Illinois, August 26-31. They are students at the University of the Pacific and 10 other California and Nevada institutions where Methodist Student Centers and Wesley Foundations operate.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gastman, members of the Fair Oaks Church, celebrated their 74th wedding anniversary April 14. They were married in the Methodist church at Arcata. During his career as a building contractor, Mr. Gastman supervised construction of the churches at Eureka and Ferndale.

Wesley Church, Daly City, is the most recent in the Conference to place an All-Family Plan order with TOGETHER.

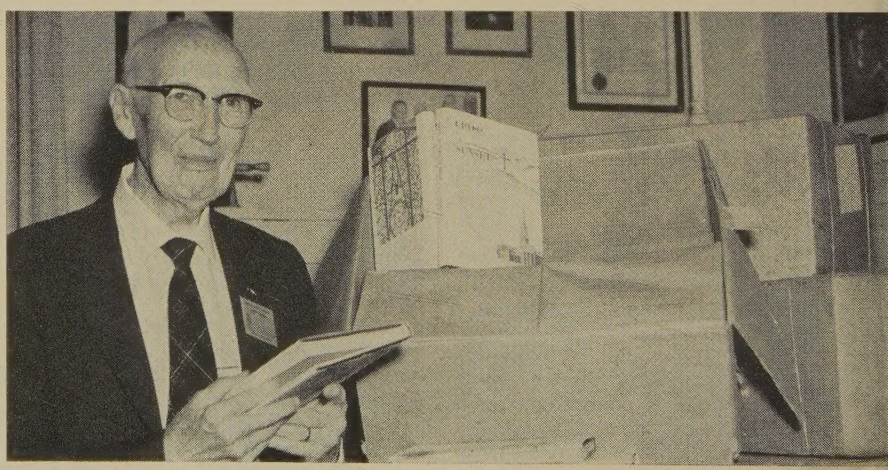
Fourteen youth of First Church, Burlingame, gave a week of summer vacation to projects in Modesto: painting Heifer Project fences, clearing a church parking lot, and doing a big cleanup job in a local farm housing area.

At a recent meeting celebrating the 21st anniversary of the national Woman's Society of Christian Service, Mrs. Harriett Gordon, left, accepts a WSCS life membership from Mrs. Melvin Del Maestro, her successor as Petaluma WSCS president.

Parsonage wife Mrs. Ken W. (Mary Jo) Porter of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Richmond quit school several years ago so that her husband could go to seminary. But she graduated from University of California in June with a scholarship record that took her into Phi Beta Kappa.

There's a new parsonage baby at Cuyama, Fresno District. She is the already more than three-months-old Beth Margaret, daughter of the Rev. James and Marlyss Kubik.

San Francisco State College music majors David W. Krumpe and Kathleen Anne Thunemann were married July 7 in Park-Presidio Church, San Francisco. Officiating was the groom's father, the Rev. Thomas P. Krumpe, pastor of the church. The bride is the daughter of the Paul Thunemann's of Belmont.



Author Leon L. Loofbourow with the first 2,000 copies of his Cross in the Sunset *colorful addition to Californiana which sets the story of The Methodist Church against a backdrop of the amazing events of the first half of the 20th century. Copies may be ordered from the Conference Historical Society, 3120 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 5*

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

THERE ARE more ways to college these days than by thumb and jet, but we doubt that anyone will find it necessary to charter a boxcar, as did the father of Miss Sallie Love, a Southern belle. "I am determined," he said, "that my girl shall have an education, for that is something no one can take away from her. Come on, Sis. I am going to take you far behind the Federal lines . . ."

As you may have guessed, the Civil War was raging; their destination was Macon, Ga., and Wesleyan College (which just happens to be the subject of color pages 37 to 44 this month); and Miss Sallie's was the last train south from Senatobia, Miss. The girl's father outfitted the boxcar with beds, a stove, and boxes of provisions. Two slaves went along, and the little group stayed in the boxcar throughout the perilous journey. The resourceful father returned safely, and Miss Sallie got an education—although she was away from home for nearly two years.

It is no accident that TOGETHER takes recognition this month of the part Methodism, with its more than 100 church-related colleges and universities, has played in education—a field in which Methodism's founder, John Wesley, was a pioneer. In fact, the article or pictorial in this issue that doesn't have some academic flavor is likely to be the exception.

We invite your careful—and shall we say studious?—attention to *The Church: Here Man Worships and Serves* [page 45], first of a year-long series of articles titled *We Believe*. Each will be written by a leading theologian in one of our 12 Methodist seminaries. Your comments are welcome, of course, on what we believe will prove to be a most successful, thought-provoking, and spiritually uplifting series . . . **Homer Croy**, who writes of Will Rogers [pages 34-36], was intimately acquainted with the cowboy-philosopher. He wrote a number of movies in which Will was the star, and made his first appearance in TOGETHER with *Our Wonderful Sunday Dinners* [May, 1959, page 14] . . . Our own **Roy L. Smith**, who is another fine cut of down-to-earth cloth, chalks up his 718th *Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency* [page 53] since his first in the old *Christian Advocate* [Aug. 13, 1942]. Widely known as editor, author, preacher, and world traveler, he was editor of the *Christian Advocate* from 1940 to 1948, and publishing agent of The Methodist Church in the four years following. Now retired (theoretically) in La Jolla, Calif., he holds more degrees in higher education than you can shake a stick at. . . .

Our Cover: 'Way back in this month's book, in the pictorial-article on Ireland's Wesley College [pages 76-78], we referred you to our cover colleen—photographed by **Raymond Cripps**, one of our mainstays for pictures in the British Isles. Now may we take advantage of this to refer you to that?

—YOUR EDITORS.

Together

SEPTEMBER, 1961

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IF YOU DON'T DRINK

PAYS $100 WEEKLY from FIRST DAY....

To the one American in four who does not drink, we are pleased and proud to offer the Gold Star Total Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy, which will pay you $100 a week in cash, from your first day in the hospital, and will continue paying as long as you are there, even for life!

If you do not drink and are carrying ordinary hospitalization insurance, you are of course helping to pay for the accidents and hospital bills of those who do drink. Alcoholism is now our nation's No. 3 health problem, ranking immediately behind heart disease and cancer! Those who drink have reduced resistance to infection and are naturally sick more often and sick longer than those who do not drink. Yet their insurance—UNTIL NOW—cost the same as yours. NOW with the Gold Star Plan, your rates are based on the SUPERIOR HEALTH RECORDS of Non-Drinkers! Why should you help pay for the hospitalization of those who ruin their health by drink? Gold Star rewards you instead of penalizing you for not drinking!

Now, for the first time, you can get the newest and most modern type of hospitalization coverage at an unbelievably low rate because the Gold Star Policy is offered only to non-drinkers. With this policy, you receive $100 a week in cash, from the first day and as long as you remain in the hospital! This money is paid you in cash to be used for rent, food, hospital or doctor bills—anything you wish. Your policy cannot be cancelled by the company no matter how long you remain in the hospital or how often you are sick. And the present low rate on your policy can never be raised simply because you get old, or have too many claims, but only in the event of a general rate adjustment up or down for all policyholders!

Noted Leaders Say - - -

J. C. PENNEY: founder of the famous J. C. Penney chain stores and noted philanthropist, says: I have a sincere conviction that liquor is one of the chief causes of unhappiness, both to the people who drink and to those who are near and dear to them. Nearly all my life I decided not to touch liquor even in moderation. I'm delighted to know of the Gold Star Total Abstainer's Hospital plan that provides a lower rate to non-drinkers. This is the way it should be because most auto and other accidents occur because of drink."

DR. RALPH W. SOCKMAN, nationally known preacher and author: "It has been my lifelong policy never to give public endorsement to any commercial enterprise, but I am most heartily in favor of the principle involved in the Gold Star Plan. It seems only fair and just that those who abstain from alcoholic beverages should not be penalized for those who indulge."

DR. ROY L. SMITH: well known author, popular lecturer, preacher and former editor of Christian Advocate: "I am convinced that the time has come for abstainers to reap some of the benefits of their abstinence, and this is one of the ways in which it can be done. We have had lower insurance rates for abstaining drivers for a long time, so why not a hospitalization plan for non-drinkers. The Gold Star Plan seems sensible and scientific."

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, internationally celebrated author and lecturer: "I like Arthur De Moss' plan to provide insurance to non-drinkers at a reduced cost. When you show a drinker that it costs him money as well as health, friends and suffering, you present another strong argument for quitting. This unique plan does more than preaching sermons."

One out of every seven people will spend some time in th hospital this year. Every day over 43,000 people enter th hospital—32,000 of these for the first time! No one know whose turn will be next, whether yours or mine. But we d know that a fall on the stairs in your home, or on the side walk, or some sudden illness, or operation could put you i the hospital for weeks or months, and could cost thousands o dollars.

How would you pay for a long siege in the hospital with costly doctor bills, and expensive drugs and medicines? Many folks lose their car, savings, even their home, and are sunk hopelessly in debt for the rest of their lives. We surely hope this won't happen to you, but please don't gamble! Remember once the doctor tells you it is *your* turn to enter the hospital it's too late to buy coverage at any price.

The Gold Star Plan Makes It Easy!

With a Gold Star Total Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy you would receive $100 per week in cash, as long as you remain in the hospital. If your hospital stay is less than one week, you still collect at the rate of $14.29 per day. Even if you are already covered by another policy, the Gold Star Plan will supplement that coverage, and will pay you directly in addition to your present policy.

This wonderful, generous protection costs only $4 a month for each adult, age 19 through 64, or $40 for twelve full months. For each child under 19, the rate is just $3 for a month's protection. And for each adult of age 65 through 100, the premium is only $6 a month.

And, remember, with Gold Star, the NO-LIMIT Hospital Plan, there is no limit on how long you can stay in the hospital, no limit on the number of times you can collect (and the Company can never cancel your policy), and no limit on age!

Money-Back Guarantee

We'll *mail* your policy to your home. No salesman will call. In the privacy of your own home, read the policy over. Examine it carefully. Have it checked by your lawyer, your doctor, your Christian friends or some trusted advisor. Make sure it provides *exactly* what we've told you it does. Then, if for any reason whatsoever you are not fully satisfied, just mail your policy back within ten days, and we'll cheerfully refund your entire premium by return mail, with no questions asked. So, you see, you have *everything* to gain and nothing to lose!

Bank Reference: PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

TOTAL ABSTAINERS GOLD STAR HOSPITALIZATION POLICY

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VALLEY FORGE, PENNA.
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HERE IS THE NEW, LOW COST HOSPITAL PROTECTION YOU ARE ENTITLED TO!

....EVEN FOR LIFE!

NO WAITING PERIODS! NO AGE LIMIT! NO SALESMEN!

Read What a Blessing This Protection Has Been to Others

Rev. High Thompson, Buffalo, New York—"We do appreciate greatly your service to us during our recent illness. The claim was taken care of so efficiently and quickly that we were able to take care of everything. It is very gratifying to be a member of an insurance company with Christian standards."

Mary B. Gilbert, Lafayette, Indiana—"Indeed I have been completely satisfied with your service and wish to express my appreciation for checks received in payment of my recent claims. Since we are in very moderate circumstances, this insurance has indeed been a blessing to us and we thank you and praise the Lord for making this help possible to us."

Mr. J. Walter Daniels, Fredericktown, Ohio—"I received payment for my claim and am well pleased with the service you gave. When I took the policy I never thought I would need it so soon. But we never know what will happen. It was my first time to be in the hospital."

Rev. E. J. Peters, South Bend, Indiana—"I will be 67 soon. Late in August, I thought some Health and Accident Insurance should be ordered. Then I became hospitalized September 6th for about three weeks. It was a welcome indemnity check that came promptly from your company!"

CHECK THESE REMARKABLE FEATURES!

- ★ Pays you $100 weekly while you are in the hospital in addition to any hospital insurance you may carry.
- ★ Good in any accredited hospital anywhere in the world (including missionary hospitals).
- ★ Guaranteed renewable (only YOU can cancel).
- ★ Immediate coverage; full benfits go into effect the day your policy is issued.
- ★ There is no limit to the number of times you can collect.
- ★ No waiting periods. Pays from very first day you enter the hospital.
- ★ No policy or enrollment fees.
- ★ Policy is mailed to your home. No salesman will call.
- ★ All benefits are paid directly to you and can be used for rent, food, hospital, doctor bills—anything you wish.
- ★ All Claim Checks sent air mail special delivery.

Only Conditions Not Covered

The only conditions this policy does not cover are: pregnancy; any act of war; pre-existing conditions; or hospitalization caused by use of alcoholic beverages or narcotics. Everything else IS covered.

ADDITIONAL BENEFITS

Pays $2,000 cash for accidental death.

Pays $2,000 cash for loss of one hand, one foot, sight of one eye.

Pays $6,000 cash for loss of both eyes, or both hands, or both feet.

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TO ASSURE YOUR PROTECTION

APPLICATION FOR 814 0961

Gold Star Total Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy

My name is _____

Street or RD # _____

City _____ State _____

Date of Birth: Month _____ Day _____ Year _____

My occupation is _____

My beneficiary is _____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

	NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	AGE	RELATIONSHIP	BENEFICIARY
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					

Have you or any member above listed been disabled by either accident or illness or have you or they had medical advice or treatment or have you or they been advised to have a surgical operation in the last five years? Yes ☐ No ☐

If so, give details stating cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered _____

I hereby certify that neither I nor any member above listed uses alcoholic beverages and I hereby apply for the Gold Star Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy based on the understanding that the policy applied for does not cover conditions originating prior to the date of insurance and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the foregoing questions.

Date: ..... *Signed:* X .....

APP. 1010-4

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1. **Fill out application at right.**
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TOGETHER 740 N. RUSH STREET CHICAGO

Letters

Monroeville's Way Ahead!

MRS. RICHARD WOLFF
Monroeville, Ind.

It tickled me to read *Together in Barber Shops?* [*Letters*, July, page 8].

Here in the "big" town of Monroeville, Ind., it is in both a doctor's office and in one of our beauty shops. I know, as I have five children and am at the doctor's office *very, very* often, as well as at the beauty shop every week.

So our little town (population 1,294) is ahead of the advice!

The Radio Behind the Organ

ERNEST E. TUCK, *Retired Minister*
Los Angeles, Calif.

That remarkable article, *Vengeance Is for the Weak*, by Esther S. Belarmino [July, page 13], stirred vivid memories.

Mrs. Tuck and I were members of Central Methodist Church in Manila at the time, and knew Esther and the other courageous young people who carried on their dangerous underground activity. The Japanese permitted us to go to church on Sunday morning and often, as we cautiously greeted Filipino friends, there would be pressed secretly into our hands a tightly rolled sheet of dependable news secured from the radio behind the organ.

Our hearts were deeply saddened in February, 1944, when we learned that Japanese secret police finally had caught up with these patriotic Christian young people, several of whom were executed.

Needed: Soul-Searching

DWIGHT W. HALL
Glencoe, Ill.

Hartzell Spence's *What Do Methodists Really Believe?* [July, page 14] is a timely and thought-provoking article which, if we are worthy of being called Christians, calls for immediate and definite action.

The questions and answers presented are, as Mr. Spence notes, only symptomatic of the causes which might be revealed if we were able to answer the really vital question, which is, "*Why* do Methodists believe as they do?" Like the author, I feel it's high time we found out.

If we are to be completely honest and objective about this situation, all clergymen should join with their lay brothers in some real soul-searching. Mr. Spence, perhaps due to the brevity of his article, has chosen to deal almost exclusively with the failings of the laity, but is it not possible that the clergy might also share in our shortcomings?

Too Few 'New Men'?

U. G. MURPHY, *Pastor*
Seattle, Wash.

The Methodist Church is indebted to Hartzell Spence for his article, *What Do Methodists Really Believe?* [July, page 14].

Blending what Mr. Spence has to say with the things I have picked up during the 69 years since I was ordained, I think the main difficulty with us is that the "New Man" spoken of in the New Testament is sadly lacking —or at least too hard to find.

Until this lack is turned into an abundance, there is no probability of our ever taking the place in the world which we once had—a place the world is loudly calling for.

Down With the Clown!

MRS. ED. E. HALE
Fairmont, W.Va.

I, too, am interested in the covers of your excellent magazine. Would like to vote with Mrs. Tait of Texas [*Letters*, August, page 8] for covers of good art reproductions and inspiring landscapes. To me these are food for the soul.

The grapes on the front cover of the August issue are lovely. No more clowns, please!

Why Frown on Clowns?

MRS. RALPH NASSER
Sharon, Pa.

Why do some people always think that anything connected with laughter has to be a bad influence on children?

I have three sons, the oldest seven. When he saw the clown on the June cover, he sat his two brothers on the couch and leafed through the magazine from cover to cover, making up stories about the pictures he liked. Later he asked me to read aloud particular articles.

Now what better way for children to get into the habit of reading TOGETHER the rest of their lives? If its covers inspire small children and teenagers to pick it up and start reading, then bully for the editors. After all, it's one of the best family magazines in circulation.

Message From the Vineyard

MRS. DAN BUCK
Saunemia, Ill.

I like the August cover. It spoke to me of the way grapes tasted to me as a child, of how my father pruned his vines. Then I noticed how hot the sun shone on that cluster and thought of God's goodness in seedtime and harvest. I thought of carved and painted grapes in our church furnishings, of Communion, of Jesus saying, "This is my blood of the New Covenant."

A good test for prospective TOGETHER material would be this question: Could this just as well be published by *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Arizona Highways?* Is *Reader's Digest* apt to reprint it?

Music to Our Ears!

HELEN ARFANIS
Albertson, N.Y.

I enjoy the many articles in TOGETHER which are thought-provoking, whether or not I agree with them. However, the one in the July issue that has moved me to write (I almost hesitate to admit it) was that which told how to make Spoon Bells in the *Small Fry* section [page 58]. I tried it to show to my small son and was enthralled!

There, I wrote it and I'm not sorry.

Interfaith Marriage Fine, If . . .

MRS. S. M. HILL
Hammond, Ind.

How naïve can we Protestants get?

In the June issue, the article *When Protestant and Catholic Wed* [page 36] stated that Roman Catholic authorities were as worried as Protestants about interfaith marriages.

I have read enough and heard enough to make me firmly believe that this is all part of a definite plan of the Roman Catholic Church. Is it not true that

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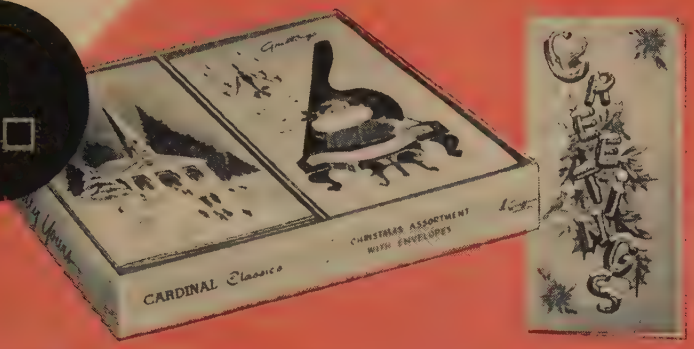

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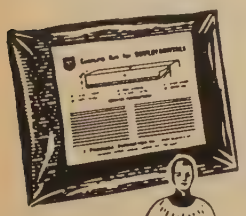

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actually they are not against marrying outside their faith—so long as the spouse is converted to Catholicism.

How long will it take us Protestants to recognize the Roman Catholic Church's definite campaign to bring all back into their church?

At the Heart: Character

MRS. D. B. VAN GUNDY
Pond Creek, Okla.

The Real Problems in Marriage [June page 34] caused me to reflect that the greatest guarantee to a happy marriage is Christian character. Two people who are determined to do the right thing and who prayerfully seek the will of God will still have their difficulties—but they will find their way through them, and their path will grow brighter and happier all the way.

No! Times 1,000!

KATIE BYLAND
Shelbyville, Ind.

I have been reading quite a bit about Irvin Dillard's wanting to change the words of some of the hymns [see *Letters,* March, page 8], and I want to add my two-cents worth to the ones against it.

Just what words would he suggest be used, and why change them? I suppose the people who wrote those songs wanted those words, or they wouldn't have written them. Those songs *as they are* mean a lot to some of us.

Change the words? No, never, a thousand times no! Don't change them!

Under a Bushel . . .

MRS. ROBERT KNOX
Phoenix, Ariz.

We of Central Methodist Church in Phoenix also are very proud of Dr. William H. Wickett for leaving his thriving obstetrical practice in California to serve in Africa [see *He Took His Family Along,* July, page 62].

Cheers, of course, to his home church, First Methodist of Fullerton—but please allow our light to shine a little. Central Methodist donated $5,200 to this worthy Christian doctor and family, and we are striving to increase our efforts.

Satisfied to Get *Together*

EMMA LISSETTE CINTRON, *Age 12*
Boston, Mass.

I am Puerto Rican and I am 12 years old. My father studies at Boston University. He is a Methodist Crusade Scholar [see page 25] and is working on his Ph.D. in religious education. My mother and sister are here in America, too. We like it because everybody is so friendly we don't have time to be homesick for Puerto Rico.

Today at supper my family and I were discussing what magazines we'd

(*Continued on page 73*)

Together / NEWSLETTER

TERROR STALKS ANGOLA. Late reports from Africa to the Methodist Board of Missions tell of brutality, terror, and death in revolt-torn Angola. Bishop Ralph E. Dodge of the Lourenco Marques Area reports the situation is tense and tragic. Rigid censorship and travel restrictions make it impossible to determine the total loss of life among African Methodist pastors and teachers, but it is feared that the number of deaths is considerably higher than the 17 already reported.

The Rev. Malcolm McVeigh of Stanhope, N.J., Methodist missionary who has served in Angola since 1958 and who recently returned to the U.S., says an estimated 30,000 African men, women, and children have been "indiscriminately shot and killed" by Portuguese colonists and soldiers. Bishop Dodge estimates that from 10 to 25 per cent of the able-bodied male members of The Methodist Church in Angola have been killed. So far, most women, children, and the aged have been spared, except for those killed in the bombing of villages. Because of the turmoil, the 1961 session of the Angola Annual Conference, which was to have been August 7-12, has been postponed indefinitely.

After the atrocities in March, April, and May by both the Portuguese and African nationalists, several African Methodist pastors and teachers reportedly fled to the jungle. Others, imprisoned months ago, have not been heard from, Bishop Dodge says. Portuguese International Police have refused the Bishop's appeals to visit the prisoners. The Methodist mission at Luanda was attacked by Portuguese whites who smashed windows and otherwise damaged the church, social center, clinic, administration building, and individual houses [see picture on page 66].

Mr. McVeigh says it is a mistake to consider the Angolan revolt a foreign or communist movement, and adds: "If there are signs in the Angolan liberation movements today of leanings toward the East, these are probably caused by lack of hope that the West was interested in African freedom." Methodist missions were established in Angola in 1885.

(More church news on page 66)

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A Ringing Tribute!
Loving!
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Lasting!

Memorial Bells by Schulmerich!® What a uniquely wonderful way to remember a loved one! And *surely* your church would appreciate receiving these pure-toned Schulmerich bells as a "living" reminder, too. As a gift from *you* . . . in your own name . . . while you are here to give! Appropriate plaque, if desired. Inexpensive! Write for information and brochure.

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What I wouldn't wish for my best false friend!

"A stamp box fresh out of fours! At five p.m. Teeter down to the postoffice, in snow or rain or gloom of night. Stand in line at the stamp window. Back of some guy who wants to send parcel post to Pakistan. It's happened to me!

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To buy postage, have the postoffice set the meter, for as much or little postage as you want. Your postage in the meter is always protected from loss, damage, misuse. And automatically accounted for on visible registers that show postage on hand, postage used. Metered mail needs less handling in the postoffice, can often get on its way earlier.

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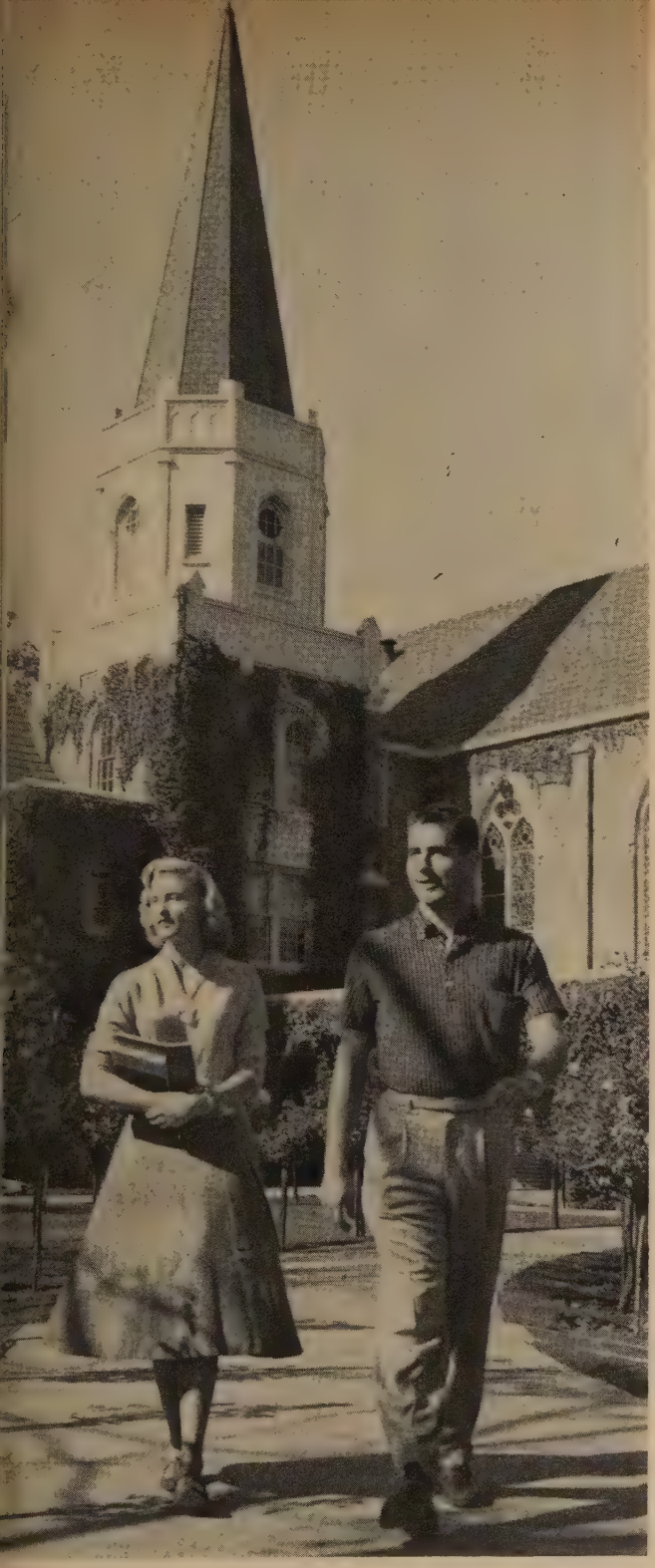
Why I Go to Church

Is rising campus-church attendance the outgrowth of a genuine religious revival? Many people think so, but others claim it is merely the result of youth's search for social contacts, recreation, and prestige. To see what collegians themselves thought, TOGETHER announced the John Dickins Award—named after the founder of the Methodist Publishing House—for essays on the topic, *Why I Go to Church.*

Of the many responses, our judges found two —quite different in character—of such equal merit that they were named co-winners. Each receives our $250 first-place award (for other winners, see page 16). Here they are.—EDS.



Are these church-going students typical of today's college youth? In God Roars in the Pines *[September, 1960, page 26], John Turner, a University of Oregon student, charged that the church is not giving his generation a challenge or a cause. That article inspired the John Dickins Award essay contest, which was judged by three men close to the pulse of current campus thinking: Bishop T. Otto Nall, of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church; Dr. J. Claude Evans, Southern Methodist University chaplain, and Roland E. Wolseley, of Syracuse University's School of Journalism.*

By JO CHAPMAN
University of California at Los Angeles

THE FRIEND of a television star once described him as a "very religious person," but admitted that the actor didn't go to church often. We've all heard similar statements by people who feel they don't need to go to church to be Christians. "I don't need to go to church," they say. "I can worship God in the forest (or in the mountains, or on city streets, or in the home)."

This type of thinking is akin to that of many nonregular churchgoers who say, in effect: "It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to make it a habit." Obviously, many believers feel the church is unnecessary. Some even denounce the church as an evil in itself which should change its structure or be done away with altogether.

Yet, it isn't violent criticism which disturbs young people who attend church regularly. Any institution which can't bear criticism is unworthy of existence. More unsettling is the indifference of those considered Christians.

Frankly, we are puzzled by those who make annual excursions to the church on Christmas or Easter to yawn

Miss Chapman, 20, is a Methodist and wants to teach college English and write after graduating at UCLA, where she will be a sophomore this fall. Confined to a wheel chair for 11 years with muscular dystrophy, she lives in Los Angeles.

their way through sermons, sit unmoved by the music, and survey their surroundings with obvious boredom. Perhaps the sermons are dull, the music trite or off key, and the surroundings colorless. But why don't these people do something about it? They seem to feel no compulsion to inject spirit and vitality into the worship of God.

Before we decry the attitude of these people, we must make sure that we are not among them. We must ask ourselves: Why do I go to church? What does it really mean to me? Is it a necessary part of my life?

When I was very young, church meant Sunday school —pennies tied in a handkerchief, stories about some people called Israelites going through the sea without getting wet, and little songs such as *Jesus Loves Me*. When I sat with my family in the sanctuary, I was awed by its size, excited by the richly robed choir parading in and singing *Holy! Holy! Holy!* and much impressed by the flickering dots of candles as we all joined hands and sang *Silent Night* at the Christmas Eve service.

I accepted church just as I accepted saying "Now I lay me down to sleep" at bedtime. I thought everyone went, so it never occurred to me to ask why I went.

Even as I grew older, I never questioned going to church. I seemed to feel an obligation to go and resolved to read the Bible ritualistically and attend church regularly. This determination, I must confess, occasionally was sidetracked by a normal adolescent apathy. I can remember feeling relieved when the snow was too deep for us to drive to church.

I JOINED the church when I was 14, about the same time I saw *Gone With the Wind*. I remember that motion picture much more vividly than I remember what should have been one of the great spiritual experiences of my life.

It wasn't until I began to recognize that God is not part of the church, but the church is part of God, that church took on real meaning for me. And that realization has helped me formulate some fairly specific reasons for why I go to church today.

First, it's what God wants me to do. Someone once told me that it was not Christ's intention to institute a church. Perhaps not, but the Bible reports that he attended synagogue regularly, so he must not have been against organized worship. When people are possessed by an idea, they must come together to discuss it. When that idea is embodied in Christ, they must come together to worship him.

This is not to say I think God *forces* me to go to church, even though I feel compelled. But when you consciously seek to make God's will your own, you automatically do those things which please him. The man who is called a Christian but who does not go to church, say a prayer, or read the Bible has never given his will over to God in the first place.

Just going to church, of course, does not make you a Christian. If it did, I would have been a Christian long before I accepted God. Going to church is one of the consequences of a certain condition. Thus, I am alive, therefore I breathe; I am God's child, therefore I go to church.

Another reason why I go to church is that it is the one place where I can realize fully any talents, hopes, and aspirations I may have. All of us have untapped resources which can be utilized by the church. In teaching, in singing, in doing odd jobs around the church, we can find outlets for expression and a satisfaction of the yearning to be wanted and useful.

More specifically, the church can direct the efforts of those people troubled by the tragic condition of today's world. When I forget my duties to my fellow men, the church reminds me of my responsibilities. Weak though it may be, the church still is our strongest force for good. The church provides assurance that the fight against hunger, poverty, and hate ultimately will result in victory.

I ALSO go to church for fellowship. I don't mean the superficial kind of fellowship characterized by automatic handclasps, fleeting smiles, and cries of "Hello, how are you?" I mean the invisible chain of fellowship which links every churchgoer and says, wordlessly: "I am a sinner and so are you. We are here to find God together."

I'm not disturbed—only puzzled—by those outside church who call us hypocrites. I don't regard the church as a community of saints, but as a meeting place of sinners. If we were perfect, we wouldn't need it. We wouldn't even need God.

I go to church in search of knowledge, too. In college we supposedly learn to relate ourselves to the world. In church we learn to relate ourselves to the world through God. Just as we find answers to secular questions in the classroom, we find answers to spiritual questions in the sanctuary. A Christian doesn't just happen. His faith develops through many channels, and the church is one of the main ones.

Some people argue that the church has no right to interpret the Bible arbitrarily, to establish strict doctrines and rules to be followed to the letter, or to exercise authority over the individual. There is some merit in that argument, but the church can have authority without being authoritarian. Without compulsion, it can build a framework inside which its members can make a unified, disciplined search for meaning and salvation. It can't drag them along the road to heaven, but it can point the way.

Finally—and improbable as it may sound—I go to church because I enjoy it. I think I am one of the

ortunate ones. Our church is light and airy, with a eautiful stained glass portrait of Christ above the altar. he choir is always good, often excellent, and the min-ster speaks with interest, inspiration, and frankness.

I realize that not all churches foster this sense of Christian pride. Many are gloomy and dingy, with no race of beauty or intelligence. But there is evidence hat this kind of church rapidly is disappearing. People re beginning to realize that church services need not be uneral-like, with the pastor droning endlessly of hell nd damnation. Neither do they need to be so bright nd intellectual that they are only collection-plate imita-ions of the country club, completely out of touch with he Gospel which does not compromise with the world. omewhere between the two are the churches where God can be worshiped intelligently and joyfully.

A FRIEND of mine—a regular churchgoer—once re-marked that a person does not come to grips with God n the church. If this is so, it is a sad commentary. Yet, suspect it often is true; I personally did not first dis-over God in the church, and a great many college people o not find him there—or anywhere.

Perhaps the first step in remedying this situation could e to realize that the church isn't composed of brick, lass, and organ music, but of people in search of some-hing unchanging in a changing world. Another step night consist of re-evaluating the purpose of the church, hich should be to "go therefore and make disciples f all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father nd of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them o observe all that I have commanded you" (Matthew 8:19-20).

When our educational programs begin to instill the rue values of religion at an early age, when youth rograms quicken our interest, when ministers cease to ater to special groups but speak the Word of God to ll people, and when the church reaches out to meet people on their own level at home, at work, or on the ampus, we will not have to ask ourselves: "Why do I go to church?"

For then people will be able to say, not as I have said, 'I have found God, now the church means something o me," but, "The church means something to me, now I can find God."

By RICHARD HENZE

Evansville College, Evansville, Ind.

WHY DO I go to church? I really never thought about it much. I was brought up in the church, and my parents and my friends go to church. Why shouldn't I go?

I suppose I'm considered a pretty good church member. I go almost every Sunday and sometimes to the mid-week service, too. I give 7½ per cent of my income to the church and another 2½ per cent to the United Fund. That's 10 per cent. I feel that's all I'm required to do.

My life runs along pretty smoothly, and sometimes I let whole days go by without even thinking of God. I have friends, good health, and enough money to buy what I want. I don't have to drive through the slums to get to work or school. Why should I weight myself down with thoughts of sin, death, and damnation?

The church needs people like me. Without the money my friends and I give, it would fold up. There wouldn't be any new Christian-education building, we couldn't support a missionary in Africa, and we wouldn't be increasing our contributions to the orphanage—one of the biggest orphanages in the Midwest.

I look forward to going to church and seeing and talking to my friends. Sometimes after the Wednesday-night meetings we stop for awhile at the place down on the corner. Fellowship, you know. We have to have fellowship.

I suppose most of my time in church is wasted, but that's one thing I've got lots of—time. I'm weak, but I don't admit it. I'm a sinner, but I see many who are worse. I'm going to die, but I prefer not to think about it much. Mostly I have better things to think about.

I DON'T remember much from the sermons I've heard, but at least I don't sleep through them the way a lot of people do. Even though my attention wanders, I do stay awake. I look around a lot at the girls. But then, I'm only 21, and at that age men do tend to look at the girls.

Sometimes I just sit there and wonder about these girls. Is church improving their characters, or merely giving them exposure and increased social contacts? Are they getting any good out of the service itself? I realize I don't always get much out of it myself. But I have a good feeling when I leave. I shake hands with the minister, and with most of the other people, too. I like people.

Sometimes, of course, I think about sin and it worries me. I've heard lots about sin. Some people seem to think almost everything is a sin, others don't seem to think anything is. I know I commit some sins, but I also know I couldn't avoid them all. I just try to side-step the things I feel are wrong and get on the best I can. I don't argue about religion, and I stay out of trouble. If I can, I guess I'll go on like this.

And yet, once in a while things come up that really bother me, and I feel terrible. Maybe I've been in a poker game, or overslept and missed church. Afterward I feel different, like I'm all alone. I'll lie in bed and be sure I'm damned forever. I can't really explain it, so I

Mr. Henze, 21, attends Zoar United Church of Christ, Evansville, Ind., and will study English this fall at the University of Nebraska on a National Defense Fellowship. Like Miss Chapman, he wants to be a writer and a college teacher.

OTHER WINNERS

Third Place ($75)

KIRTIKUMAR CHRISTIAN
John Wesley College, Greensboro, N.C.
Home church: Methodist Church, Umreth, India
U.S. church: Trinity Methodist, Greensboro

Honorable Mention

CECILIA ARNOLD
State University of Iowa, Iowa City
Home church: Westminster Presbyterian, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

MARLA MORGAN
Kansas Wesleyan University, Salina, Kans.
Home church: First Presbyterian, Concordia, Kans.

JOHN H. DOERR
Southwest Texas State College, San Marcos
Home church: First Methodist, New Braunfels, Tex.

CONNIE LOU KALBER
University of Wyoming, Laramie
Home church: First Methodist, Cheyenne, Wyo.

CHARLENE HERMANN
University of Florida, Gainesville
Home church: First Baptist, Coral Gables, Fla.

never bother to tell anyone. I feel as though I had lost something that I'll never find again.

These are the times when I try to pray, but I can't. I'm sure no one is listening to me, or even wants to hear. That's when I want to go to church. I'd like to be able to go there, knowing there would be no boys to talk to or girls to look at and that I could kneel down and be all alone before God in his house. I feel that if I could just go there and pray that way that everything would be all right.

But this feeling soon passes. I remember that I'm no worse than a lot of others and that I probably have as good a chance for heaven as anyone. It takes a little longer each time, but I always start feeling all right again.

Sometimes I think about heaven. I've always heard about it, but I never thought much about what it might be like. I guess I never really believed that it has streets paved with gold, but I know it must be pretty good. I was thinking just the other day about life, death, and heaven. You know, I'm trying to get an education. What if I die before I have a chance to use it? I might be killed in an auto accident or something. It could happen; I've come pretty close several times. What good would my education do then? What good would having been good and having gone to church be?

I wouldn't have any life results to support my hopes for heaven. I would have 21 years or so of life and 16 years of study, and that would be all. When I think of this, I worry about my relations with God, about the times I have missed church, and the times I've done wrong when I could have done right. It's a lonely feeling, and the only place I can turn for help is the church. Alone, I have no chance for heaven. Many voices must join mine, and mine must join theirs, in the plea for hope. I know then that the church is the only thing that counts.

But the feeling seldom lasts long, because other things come along, and pretty soon I start feeling that alone may amount to something, after all—until I really start thinking again.

When someone I have known well dies, I know that someday it must happen to me, too. But why? I can't even imagine what lies beyond death. Why can't I hold on to this life, which seems to be the only thing that has purpose and meaning?

Church is the only place I can find an answer. It's in the old, old story I have heard so many times. God created man with unlimited capability for good and evil. Man chose evil. To give man another chance for redemption, God became man—a man infinitely good—and suffered for the sins of mankind. We need only have faith to earn this redemption and find meaning beyond death. Most of the time I ignore this story, but deep down I know it's true. It has to be.

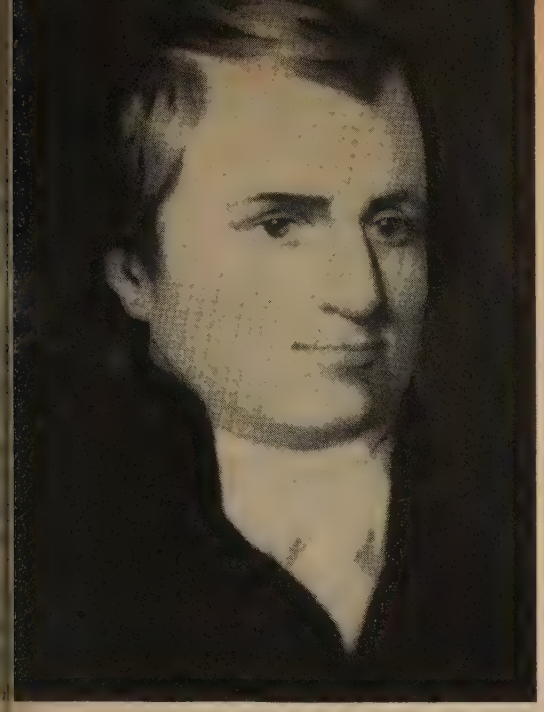
Sitting in church, listening to this story, I can feel that God does care about me and hasn't given up on me. We are more than mere creatures given a few years of existence before being passed into oblivion. We are creations of God—creations with great capability for evil, but also creations with a hope for redemption.

I know I should think more about these things and plan more, as if death might come tomorrow. But I don't; I just worry. Or maybe I just sit in church thinking about the weather, cars, or girls, as many of the people around me seem to be doing. After all, it's pretty terrible to think that we have the power to achieve our own salvation or damnation. I'm far from perfect, and it's frightening to think that I may already be damned. It's easier and more comfortable to think about girls.

Sometimes, when I give in to temptation, I think about God. Not about what he's like, but wondering if he's watching me and what he thinks of me. If I'm enjoying my weakness, I usually can put him out of mind. Maybe if I didn't go to church at all I would forget about right and wrong.

Why do I go to church, then? That's a difficult question, and I don't have many definite answers to give. Oh, I go for the fellowship and to watch the girls, but I could find those some place else. There's more to it than that. When I think about it, I think it must be the story I hear there. I can find strength and hope in all the people gathered together, wanting and believing.

It doesn't seem possible that all the evil gathered in a church on Sunday morning could be forgiven. Yet it must be, or nothing is possible. There is more than fellowship at work there, if I could just explain it. There is hope that our sins and suffering will end not in oblivion, but in redemption and life beyond death. There is a key that can be found nowhere else to life, meaning, and salvation. This is what I seek, and I know I must find it in the church. It can be found nowhere else.



his recent oil portrait of John Dickins by harles Hargens may be the only one existing.

All it took was a phone call to shed–

New Light on John Dickins

By BRADSHAW MINTENER
Former member, the Methodist Board of Publication

T HIS HOME in a Washington, .C., suburb, Jacob S. Payton, retired urnalist and clergyman, thumbed lephone directory, then dialed a mber. Identifying himself, he exained:

"You are Virginia Dickins. I'm lling because you are the only per- n in the Washington phone book ho spells Dickins with two Is—as d John Dickins, an early American ethodist leader. Are you by any ance related?"

"Yes," was the surprise answer. "I n his great-great-granddaughter. hy do you ask?"

Why, indeed! For more than a cenry, historians have been parroting few known facts about the man hn Dickins such as these:

He was born in London in 1747 d was educated at Eton (though s name does not appear on its recds). He came to America about 70 and in 1777 became a Methodist eacher, serving in Virginia, New ork City, and Philadelphia. In the tter city he became "editor, inspec- and corrector of the press" for infant Methodist Episcopal hurch. He died in Philadelphia uring a yellow fever epidemic in 98, and lies under a simple headone in a plot behind the city's istoric old St. George's Church of hich he was the pastor.

Yet this man's contributions to American Methodism were enormous. Take a look:

1. He helped found Cokesbury College, forerunner of the 135 Methodist-related schools which dot the U.S. today.

2. He originated the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church—diplomatically avoiding argumentative shoals at the organizing Christmas Conference at Baltimore in 1784.

3. *In 1789 he used his life savings of $600 to publish Methodist books—thereby starting the Methodist Publishing House, oldest religious publishing firm in America.*

It was with good reason that we Methodists put Dickins on a pedestal. The trouble is he has remained there undusted for over a century! Now, thanks to Dr. Payton's telephone call and Miss Dickins' co-operative interest, new and exciting leads beckon.

In her Washington apartment, Miss Dickins prizes and keeps for her clan the Dickins family Bible, printed in England in 1690 and bearing a long list of births and deaths in longhand by John Dickins. Among her treasures are several yellowed documents, letters, and other memorabilia, including prints and paintings of ancestors—but none, unfortunately, of John. An especially fruitful lead for researchers, she suggests, runs through his son Asbury, named for U.S. Methodism's first bishop.

Asbury Dickins inherited his father's literary bent and for a while was editor of *Port-Folio,* a Philadelphia magazine. But his chief claim to fame was as a long-time secretary of the United States Senate (1836-1861). Recent research at the University of North Carolina has disclosed the Edward Dramgoole letters, which may throw more light on father and son.

Dr. Payton did the unconventionally obvious thing when he thumbed the Washington telephone directory for a "Dickins." I salute him—but I must confess, with some trace of embarrassment, that Miss Virginia Dickins is a kinswoman of my wife, and we have long known her socially. Moreover, as a former member of the Methodist Board of Publication, I long ago should have asked her if she and John were related. But I didn't—so the honors of "discovery" go to Dr. Payton.

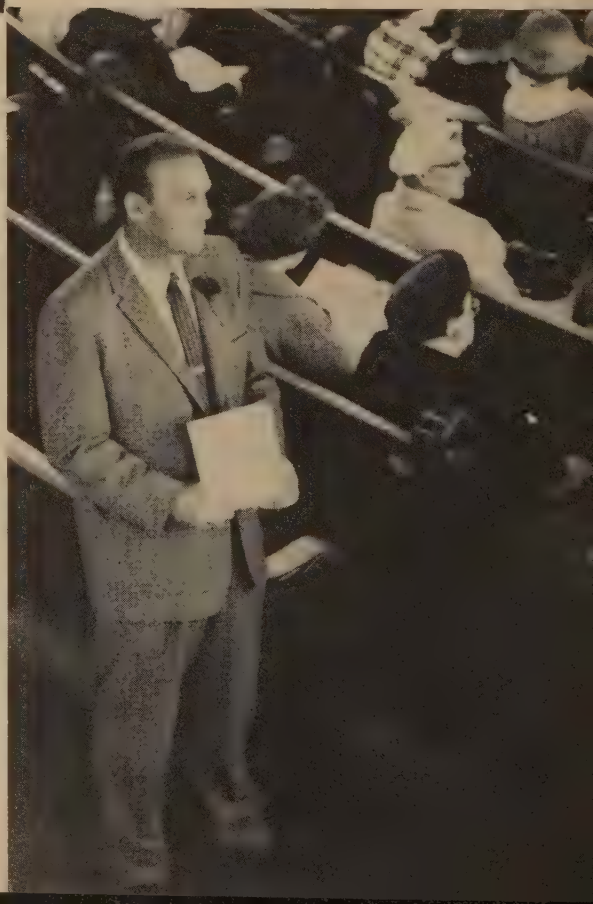
In 1964, the year Methodism's General Conference meets in Pittsburgh, our Methodist Publishing House will be 175 years old. As an event of sweeping significance, it will no doubt be commemorated fittingly. If the personality of John Dickins shines through the formality and pageantry, we Methodists can thank that gentle retired journalist-minister in a Washington suburb who, inspired, reached for his telephone!

MARINE COMPTROLLER. Three services a Sunday mean five hours of ushering for General Nickerson.

PEACE CORPSMAN. Before Forest Evashevski moved up last fall from head football coach to athletics director at the State University of Iowa, he had established himself (in nine years) as the "winningest" coach in Iowa history. His teams twice won both the Big Ten title and the resulting Rose Bowl game; once they shared the conference crown. This year, "Evy" took on a not-for-pay assignment as physical-fitness advisor to President Kennedy's Peace Corps. His goal for Peace Corps volunteers: development of inner discipline to go with physical stamina.

A popular banquet speaker around the tall-corn state, Evashevski mixes seriousness with humor, wins friends readily—for himself and the university. Among his chief fans are fellow members of Iowa City's First Methodist Church, where the burly athletics director is an usher. He has quite a rooting section at home, too: wife Ruth and sons Forest, Jr., James, Marion, John, Tom, and William.

'WINNINGEST' IOWAN. Under Evashevski's "Winged T," scientific and spectacular football at SUI.



Unusual

PURSE-STRING PULLER. As his late assignment in a bemedaled and beribbone U.S. Marine Corps career, Brigadier Gener Herman Nickerson, Jr., is the Corps' chi guardian of purse strings—by title, fiscal dire tor. On Sundays, he has another supervisor job: chairman of ushers at Walker Chap (Methodist) in Arlington, Va.

Since the general often helps with fix-u jobs around the church as well as ushering a three services each Sunday, his pastor jokingl commends him as "a first-class sexton. General Nickerson also is associate lay leade and was building committee cochairma Church work seems to run in the family: Mr Nickerson is active in the Woman's Society John, 20, in youth work; and Dennis Anne 10, in children's choir.

Reared in Massachusetts, General Nicke son has been a Marine since graduation fro Methodist-related Boston University in 193 Named to his present post in 1959, he is veteran of many Marine duties—includin the action in Korea, where his heroic leade ship of troops under fire won him the Di tinguished Service Cross. As fiscal directo he works closely with another Methodist Commandant General David M. Shoup [se *Unusual Methodists,* December, 1959].

Methodists

SERVICE-CLUB CHIEFS. In North Carolina it's only 29 miles down Highway 53 from Fayetteville to White Oak, and both towns are in Methodism's Fayetteville District. No wonder local Methodists were especially proud when men of their district were elected to head two of the nation's important service organizations.

Joseph O. Tally, Jr., Fayetteville attorney, completed his year as president of Kiwanis International on August 1. A Kiwanian 13 years and international treasurer before becoming president, he is a former professor of law and two-term mayor of Fayetteville.

While Tally was chief Kiwanian, Fulton Stokes, vocational-agriculture teacher in neighboring White Oak, was completing his year as president of Ruritan National, the service club of farmers and businessmen which is very active in Southeastern communities.

Friends through their contacts over the years at church activities, both Stokes and Tally are Methodist lay speakers. Both are married and the fathers of sons. The Tallys have two boys, the Stokeses one.

TALENTED TARHEELS. Fellow Methodists knew their abilities before Tally (left) and Stokes won national offices.

METHODIST MAYOR. When Gordon S. Clinton was elected mayor of Seattle in 1956, members of First Methodist Church felt mixed emotions. Of course they were proud of their young fellow churchman (then only 36), but they regretted he would have to drop the church-school superintendency he had handled capably for five years. A member of the church since boyhood, Mayor Clinton helped ease the loss by staying on as teacher of a ninth-grade class—so the church-school hour still gets a priority rating on his crowded weekly schedule.

Clinton's record of public service began many years before he took office as mayor. After working his way through the University of Washington, he became a special agent of the FBI, then served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. He earned a law degree in 1947, became deputy prosecuting attorney and later acting police judge in his home city.

Father of three (Barbara, 16, Gordon, Jr., 14, and Deborah, 10), Mayor Clinton concerns himself with many civic activities, but gives special attention to youth-serving programs. A scoutmaster 10 years, he received the Boys Scouts' Silver Beaver Award in 1960—the same year Seattle voters affirmed their confidence by re-electing him to a second four-year term as mayor.

TEENS' TEACHER. Among the young mayor's other Methodist interests: Seattle's new $4 million retirement home and a planned Pacific Northwest Area headquarters building.

Her world was slipping away, and she was certain she was . . .

The Woman Who Was Forgotten

By BESS STREETER ALDRICH

A YEAR had gone by since Miss Miller resigned her position. Voluntarily she had given up her work, to forestall any possible action of the school board. The phase of the affair which hurt was the agility with which the board had accepted the resignation. With hurt pride she had packed her household things, rented her cottage, and gone back east for a time with a married niece.

Inherent caution and good sense had caused her to rent her cottage until she could try out the visit. It was well that she had done so, for although the relative's roof was fully 40 feet by 58, it had not seemed quite large enough for her. So she had come back to the midwest town which had seen the work of her life.

The old furnishings seemed cordial and friendly. It had taken a long time to put the books on the shelves, for she had visited for a few moments with each one. The Shakespeare set, a geometry textbook, the orations of Cicero. The Latin grammar had fallen open at *"amo, amas, amat; amamus, amatis, amant."* She smiled at the thought of the yearly struggle she had had with the freshmen to keep them from singsonging it.

For the first time she felt genuine panic. If only she might have her old position back. She was not ill, not even so tired, since the year away. Not a faculty was impaired. As she faced the future, she told herself that there was one final sanctuary open to her when the time came—the old people's home which her church sponsored. She had visited it once.

A cold sense seemed to be closing around her heart as she recalled the visit. The home had been pleasant and comfortable; but the old ladies sitting on the porch aimlessly watching the world go by were alien souls, women from whom the glow of living had departed.

A little boy came running around the corner of the porch with the evening paper. In big, black headlines it called to her:

OLD HIGH SCHOOL TO BE RAZED; WORK BEGINS JUNE 10th

And then, because the editor was an alumnus, the third line said quite simply:

"Old School, Hail and Farewell!"

It affected her unaccountably, this coincidence of the building and her own life. They were both through, she and the old school, both to be torn down.

After a time she rose with that energetic, birdlike movement which characterized her motions, got her knitted white shawl from the closet, and went out the back door.

Down the walk she passed through a little gate in the rear of the yard and turned down the alley to Mr. Larson's home. That is what she had called him, in dignified courtesy, for all the years that he had been janitor of the high school: Mr. Larson, instead of Chris.

Old Chris was sitting near the back steps with his feet in the cool, dewy grass. He was tipped back in a kitchen chair against the side of the house, a sooty old pipe in his mouth. Seeing Miss Miller, he dropped his chair down on its natural legs, surreptitiously slipped the pipe into the grass, and curled his blue and white socks under his chair. Jim Larson was there, too, with his father. Jim had been one of Miss Miller's high-school boys, one of the few that she never seemed able to get hold of. A taciturn, gloomy-acting boy he had been, with no kindling response to her overtures of friendship. He had a wife now, two babies, and a harness shop.

"Mr. Larson, I saw by the paper tonight that the old building is to be torn down." Miss Miller had to make an effort to keep her voice steady.

"Yes, they'll begin the 10th, I see."

"You still have the key, I suppose, Mr. Larson?"

Old Chris nodded. "Yes, ma'am," he added.

"I wonder if you would let me take it the evening of the ninth—that last night before they begin to demolish the building?

"You two men won't laugh at me for being so sentimental?" Miss Miller questioned apologetically.

"I won't laugh at you." Old Chris, at the risk of a conflagration in his thick woolen socks, pushed his pipe farther under the chair. "It's got me a feeling blue a'ready."

Before the two had finished talking Jim Larson left. "He doesn't want to visit with me," Miss Miller thought; "I never got hold of Jim."

The evening of the ninth was beautiful. There was a moon and the heavy scent of syringa, a warm breeze, and crimson ramblers. It had the smell of old commencements.

At the schoolgrounds Miss Miller went up the broad front walk. She turned the key and pushed the huge iron latch which had clicked to three generations. Softly she stepped into the shadows of the lower hall. It was warm and friendly, as though it welcomed her home. She crossed the room and mounted the stairs.

Straight to the main study hall she passed—a huge room with row upon row of seats, half in the moonlight and half in the shadow.

A composite picture of all the schools seemed before her. There sat

"If the room was full of memories, they were substantial ones. If it harbored only dreams, they were materialized

Mart Richardson, mischievous, indolent, even stupid in the things he did not like. Mart Richardson was a banker now, heavy-set and opulent —*her* banker, who knew her small bank account to its last cent. There was Annie Grayson's seat; Annie was a missionary in China now. Over there had sat Red Hamilton; Red was a member of the legislature, slated for Congress by his party.

Slowly she circled the room, recalling a hundred events, funny, exciting, or serious. Then she turned toward an inner room, opened the door and stepped into her own office.

Miss Miller crossed the little room, opened the one window and sat down by it. The June breeze, sweet with the smell of flowering things, came in and lifted the tendrils of her gray hair.

Across the street and a block down, some evening social affair was in progress. A dozen cars were gathered at the curbing, and the sound of high, gay voices came from across the way. She was left out of even those events now. She had not been in a pupil's home for a long time. They had forgotten her. Slow tears came, the more painful because she had hitherto met life with high hope, deep courage, broad faith.

Suddenly, in a great whirl of beating wings, a mass of pigeons flew from the bell tower, their bodies almost brushing the window. And then, quite plainly, the bell tapped. Miss Miller heard it distinctly, a long, low resonant sound.

Startled, she jumped and looked

furtively behind her. For the first time she felt a creepy, frightened sensation. Her heart was pounding madly. All at once the building was cold and forbidding. Had she played too long with her memories? All her poise was gone. She wanted to fly as from a tomb.

With sheer will power she made herself cross the office to the door. They came again—those eerie rustlings, low murmurs, faint, mocking laughter. The bell tapped again, low, reverberating. With an effort Miss Miller swung open the door.

If the room was full of memories they were substantial ones. If it harbored only dreams, they were materialized. In the moonlight she could see that the seats were full of people. The tops of the desks supported some. Others crowded the aisles. Several layers were banking themselves around the walls.

"Amo, amas, amat," they chanted; *"amamus, amatis, amant."*

Blinding lights flashed on. Miss Miller blinked a moment before she could distinguish the countenances. And then—they were as familiar as the faces of children to a mother.

Miss Miller gasped, "Why, boys and girls, what is it?" She reached out for something to steady herself and caught at the chair behind the desk.

The laughing, buzzing crowd ceased its noise, for someone was raising his hand. It was Red Hamilton, sitting in his old seat and snapping his fingers. "Miss Miller, please may I speak?"

Everyone giggled nervously. But it was the Hon. A. J. Hamilton who arose and stood by the side of the seat:

"Years ago to many of us, more recently to others," his smooth, pleasant voice began, "we had a loved teacher who gave the very best that was in her that we might become good men and women. Many times after leaving her we said, 'Someday we will send her a box of flowers.' . . . 'Tomorrow we will write her a letter.' . . . 'Soon we will go to see her.' But Time sped by on silver wings, and all the tomorrows became the yesterdays.

"So tonight we have put those promises to ourselves into action."

He dropped the third person and turned to the little lady on the platform:

"Miss Miller, all the things that you did for us will never be known. They cannot be counted, nor measured, nor weighed. And because this is so, we have come back tonight to tell you that many times in the midst of the world's work we think of you, that we appreciate you, that as long as life lasts we will love you."

When he sat down, Miss Miller half started from the chair. But there was no opening for her to speak; another hand was swinging in mid-air. It was Mart Richardson, president of the First National Bank.

"I'm no speechmaker like Red here," he began jerkily. "But down at my place of business we handle something that speaks louder than words, something that really talks. Now, Miss Miller, years ago you used to make out our report cards, and have us take them home to our folks to sign. What I'm trying to say is that turnabout is fair play. Each class you graduated has a report card ready for you to sign. You sign these on the back, Miss Miller, and return them to my bank tomorrow morning . . . All right now. Roll call. Class of '88."

A middle-aged farmer squeezed out from the crowd around the wall, came forward, and dropped the "report card" into Miss Miller's lap. In the upper right-hand corner a number in three figures kept close company to a dollar sign.

"Class of '89!"

"Class of '90!"

Thirty-six checks lay in Miss Miller's lap—three dozen white messengers of love.

"Now, Miss Miller—," Mart Richardson had more to say—"we wanted to give you something, tried to think what you would like best. . . . But don't think for a minute that mere dollars and cents can ever—"

His voice broke, "Oh, pshaw! I might have known better than to try to make a speech. Let's open the baskets now and eat."

There was another laugh. But someone else had risen and was calling out, "Just a minute. Before we eat let's give a vote of thanks to Jim Larson for getting us stirred up. I know that he took several days from his business to go to every member of the alumni in town, talk over the phone to those in the country, and write a lot of letters."

Jim! A great warmth flooded Miss Miller. Jim Larson, whom she had never been able to get hold of!

The baskets were opened and the picnic feast spread in the gymnasium. And old Chris rang the bell for the last time. But it was when they were ready to go that the last drop was poured into Miss Miller's overrunning chalice. It was A. J. Hamilton who broached it:

"A few of us have just been wondering if you couldn't come back into high school next year, not for the principalship, but just for the English work. You see, I'd rather you'd teach my girl what good literature is than anybody else I know. We thought maybe you'd consider it. . ."

"Why yes, Red,"—Miss Miller flushed with the joy of it—"I could. I feel fine. I feel as well as I ever did."

Then they left, group by group.

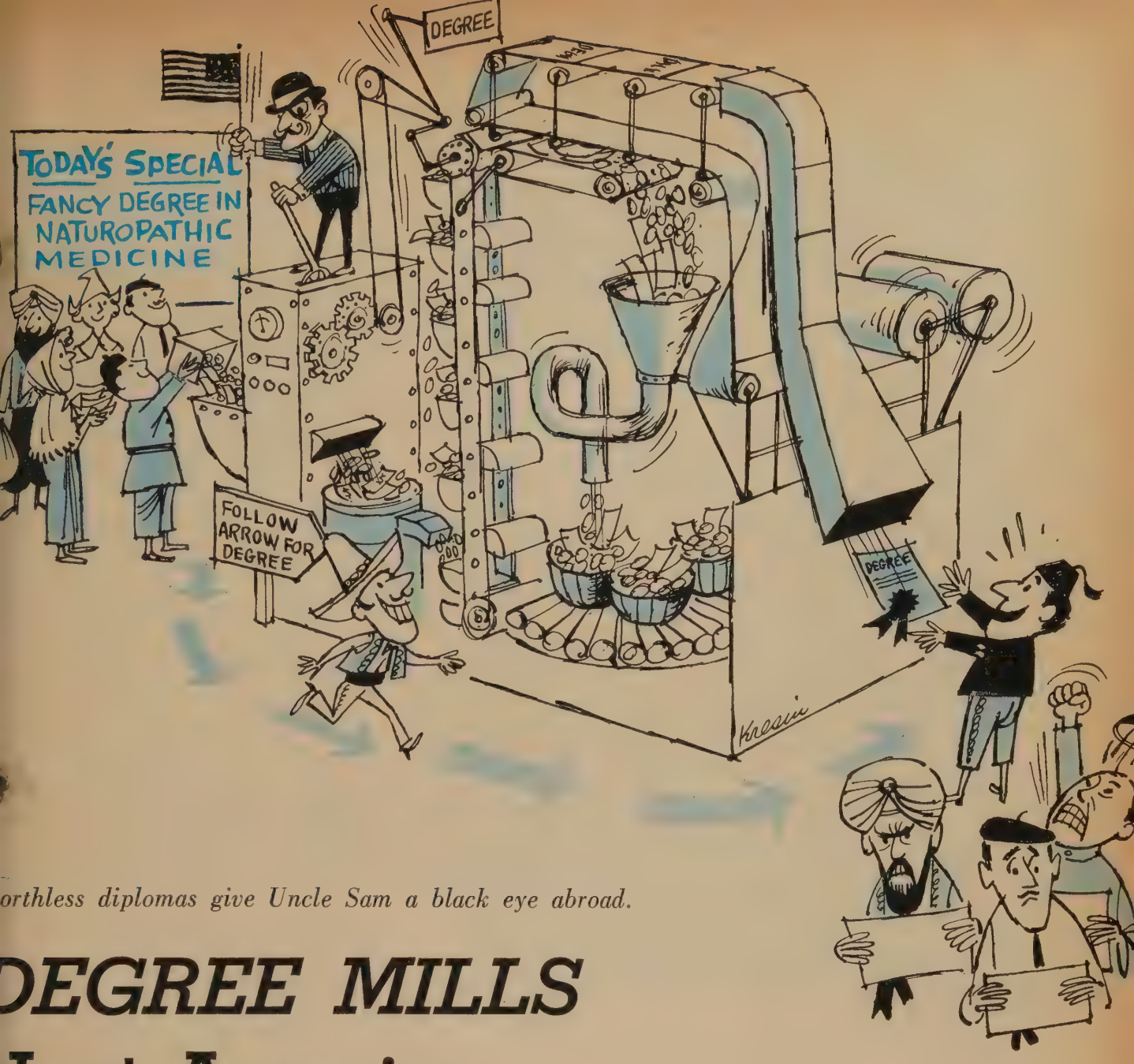
Down in the lower hall Miss Miller waited. Erect and smiling, she bade them all goodnight. Then she stepped back and climbed the stairs to the study hall. Through the moonlit room she walked quickly, definitely, like one with a duty before her. She picked up a piece of chalk, and on the blackboard she wrote:

"For life is the mirror of king and slave,/'Tis just what we are and do;/ Then give to the world the best you have/And the best will come back to you."

Then Miss Miller walked firmly down to the lower hall and out the big worn door into the night.

READER'S CHOICE

Bess Streeter Aldrich, author of 13 novels and 200 short stories, once wrote: "Of the stories I have sold . . . three, at least, would have been written even if I had known . . . that no publisher would buy them. *The Woman Who Was Forgotten* is one of these." First printed by *American Magazine* in 1923, the story has remained a reader favorite across the years. This condensed version is used by special permission of the author's daughter, Mary Aldrich Beechner of Lincoln, Nebr., and Mrs. M. M. Boyd, Fort Myers, Fla., earns $25 for being the first to nominate the story as a *Reader's Choice*.—EDS.



orthless diplomas give Uncle Sam a black eye abroad.

DEGREE MILLS Hurt America

By STANLEY S. JACOBS

HE YOUNG Hindu was flushed
h excitement as he told his friends
his plans to go to America and
dy aeronautic engineering at a
ifornia school. "In three months,"
confided, "I'll get my college
ree, and then I'll be a highly
d jet aircraft maintenance man."
hirty days later the youth was
k in Calcutta, broke and leading
anti-American demonstration. At-
cted by the rosy promises of an ad
m a correspondence school in the
ited States, he had been taken
one of the most ruthless rackets
v operating—the "degree mill."

When the boy arrived in Los Angeles, the "college" proved to be a ramshackle two-story building with an alcoholic former engineer as the only teacher. An ancient engine mounted on a block provided the only "laboratory work" for 70 disgruntled students. Half of these were like himself: young men from impoverished nations where educational opportunities are scarce.

It's just as well the youth didn't complete the three-month course. The school's fancy-looking diplomas are worthless in the job market.

Such unsavory incidents occur almost daily—and foreigners aren't the only victims. Thousands of Americans who should know better also are fleeced annually by this insidious con game.

Shady or nonexistent schools have plagued our nation for more than a century, but in postwar years they have expanded into a multimillion-dollar swindle. Recent estimates indicate that there are more than 200 bogus schools in 37 states taking in at least $75 million yearly from some 750,000 students. It's impossible to estimate the damage they do to American prestige abroad, or

to reputable and accredited schools in the U.S.

Both the American Council on Education and the U.S. Office of Education report that these degree mills are particularly active in the area of religious education. Even a few Methodist ministers have been gulled into paying for phony sheepskins and worthless courses of study, and some append the meaningless degrees to their names.

A reporter assigned by his Long Beach, Calif., newspaper recently became an "ordained minister" for $50. He read no books, attended no classes, and took only one test—for which the answers were supplied in advance by the head of the "institute." His certificate of ordination was so hastily printed that it referred to him as a "minster." For $200 more he could have become a "bishop"!

One of the most brazen schools was "Oriental University" in Washington, D.C. The founder and president was "Bishop" Holler, who said he was ordained by angels. Before he was sent to prison, he had created more than 2,000 fraudulent clergymen. No one knows how many marriages and baptisms have been performed by such phony pastors—or how many sick people have been mistreated by correspondence-school doctors.

Why are the illegitimate schools so prevalent in the U.S., which strictly regulates almost everything else? Robert H. Reid, now the dean of Methodist-related Kendall College, Evanston, Ill., put it this way in *American Degree Mills,* a comprehensive report in which he surveyed the problem for the American Council on Education:

"Our nation, unlike many others, has no ministry of education. Our state laws chartering institutions of higher learning are not uniform and are quite lax in controlling educational malpractice. Our system is especially difficult to explain to people of other countries who simply cannot appreciate that a nation can have educational standards without a central agency regulating and controlling such matters."

Such state control as exists is meager; only 18 states and the District of Columbia require degree-granting institutions to obtain approval from educational authorities. Many states don't require the schools to be licensed or chartered, and some indiscriminately permit them to incorporate on a tax-exempt basis.

Several efforts have been made to get rid of the fake educators, but they still clutter the academic landscape. As early as 1880, John Norris, a militant Philadelphia editor, reported he bought a set of worthless degrees in medicine, law, and other fields for $455. On his evidence, the proprietors of the nonexistent schools were convicted of fraud.

Some progress was made in the fight against the degree mills, but the GI Bill—utilized by millions of education-hungry World War II veterans—gave them a new lease on life. Today they are flourishing as never before. Despite a welter of state agencies, federal bureaus, and self-policing professional bodies such as the American Medical Association and American Bar Association, there are so many loopholes in the law that the schools can get away with almost anything.

Irresponsible promoters are permitted to sell such degrees as "Doctor of Divinity in Metaphysics," "Doctor of Naturopathic Medicine," and "Master Herbalist." But phony degrees aren't always so easy to spot. Bogus schools also peddle Ph.D. and M.A. degrees. A recent probe found one school which offered six phony degrees for prices ranging from a "freewill offering" to $50

The degree mill's campus may consist only of a post-office box numbe but there is one in Texas whic has 14 buildings, three laboratorie and a 10,000-volume library. Despit the impressive façade, its diploma are virtually worthless.

Spelling is one field of learning th degree mills have neglected. On school, defending itself to the U.S Office of Education, wrote that it ha full "ecclesiasical" authority to confe degrees. Another said it was charter by the state of "Calorodo," and third said it was suspending opera tions to reorganize its "coriculum."

Foreigners have been gypped s often by American paper universitie that many countries no longe recognize degrees from our bes schools. As recently as 1958, th Malayan government would emplo graduates from only 33 U.S. colleges The respected state universities o Illinois and Michigan were not on th select list.

Germany's Central Office fo Foreign Education now employs a man full time to track down fals degrees from the U.S. The situatio prompted this report by the U.S Consul General in Germany:

"A traffic in American academic degrees has been carried on to a shocking extent. As a result, the American doctorate has become a most questionable honor on the Continent. In Germany, its holder is an object of suspicion by public and police."

What can be done to halt the traffic in useless diplomas which only disillusion the recipients and line the pockets of racketeers? The American Council on Education says the states must act in concert to adopt uniform legislation establishing minimum standards for all institutions of higher learning, and that this action may have to be supplemented by federal legislation plugging interstate and international legal loopholes. The ACE, the Council of State Governments, and the National Education Association all have assisted in writing model bills designed as guides.

With such control, we might put the degree mills out of business. And it's time we did, for the worthless degrees issuing from these alleged schools are a disgrace—a smudge on the showcase of democracy.

DANGER SIGNALS

How to spot a degree mill? If you're suspicious, write the U.S. Office of Education, Washington 25, D.C., for its directory of approved schools. Meanwhile, beware if a school shows any of these characteristics:

1. Sells degrees or diplomas outright.

2. Requires no residence, no written tests, no organized study.

3. Requires less than usual time and effort to complete the course.

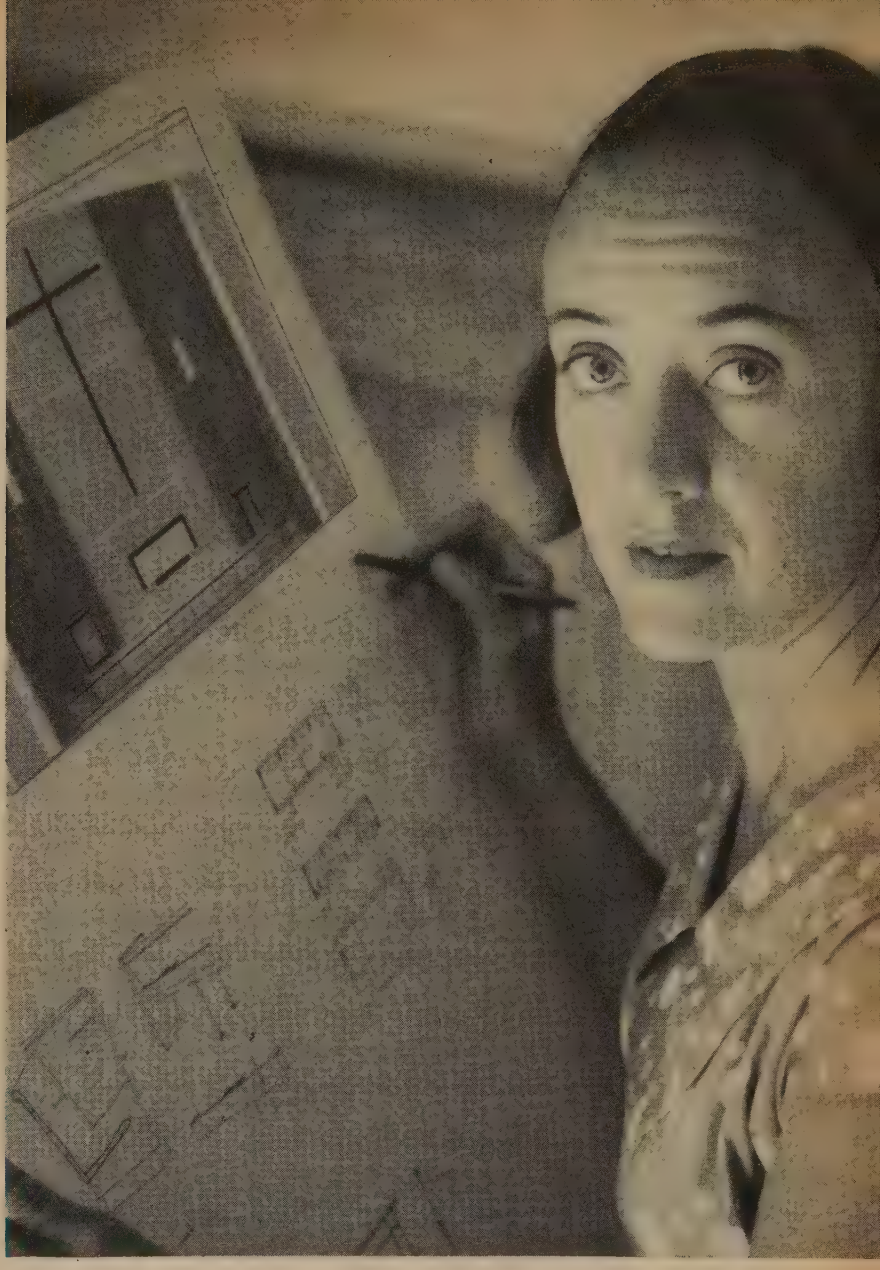
4. Requires no previous educational experience.

5. Has no campus, or only one or two rooms.

6. Has part-time faculty, with members holding degrees from obscure colleges or universities.

John Havea: A Tonga Islander trained at Drew University, he is both a pastor and head of a Methodist school.

Crusade Scholars



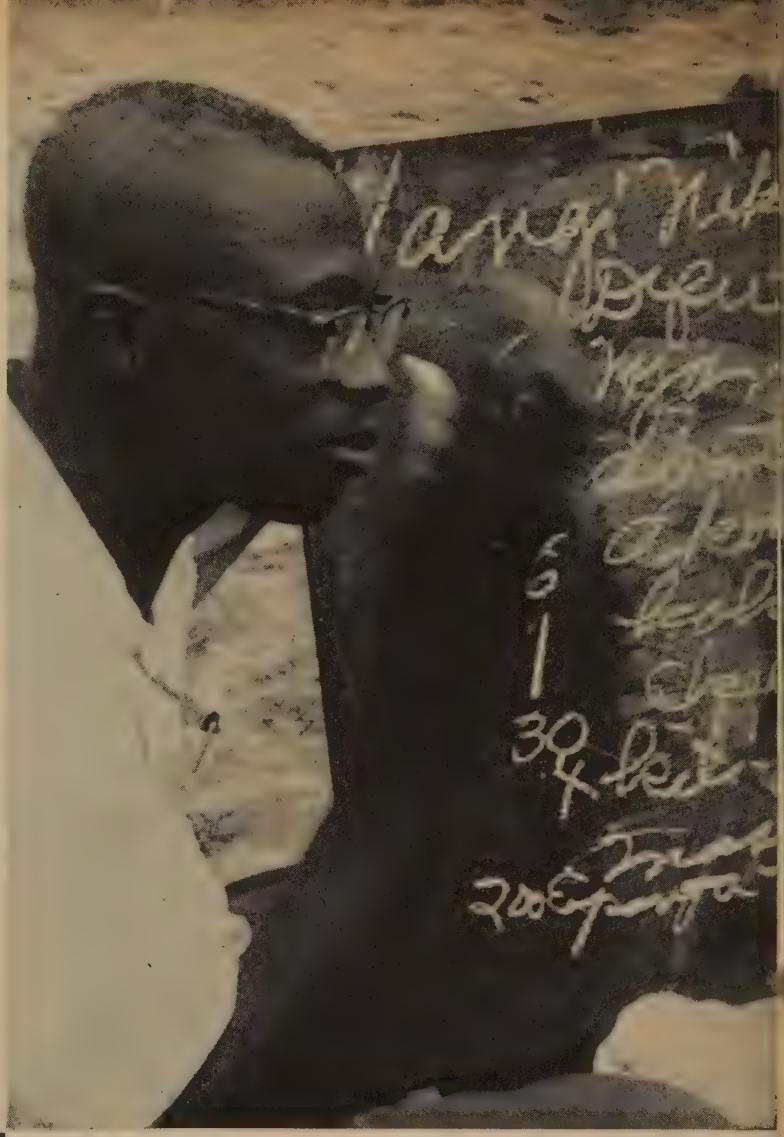
Esther Oss: Soon after she returned home to Argentina from church-architecture studies at Syracuse University, she was called to help rebuild earthquake-devastated churches in Chile.

AROUND THE world this month, a highly select multinationality group of young men and women will enroll at top colleges and universities for up to two years of further study. Many traveled thousands of miles to join in a unique program which began 16 years ago and has 1,200 alumni in 56 countries. The new students, plus others who have completed one year's study but have another to go, constitute the 1961-62 corps of Methodist Crusade Scholars—about 100 in all.

Who are they? Graduate students, mostly, 25 to 35 years old, carefully selected for character, leadership, and scholastic achievement. Most are from other countries, although some are Americans from Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and mainland minority groups. The majority will study in this country, a few at institutions elsewhere. All will receive scholarship funds for travel, tuition, living costs, textbooks, medical and emergency expenses, plus a small "pocket money" allowance. The program's total cost: $200,000 or more a year. Financed by the One Great Hour of Sharing and the Woman's Division of Christian Service, the scholarships are awarded by a committee of church leaders; and a full-time director, Mrs. Florence Cox, oversees the program for the Methodist Board of Missions.

This venture of the church's faith in the ability, energy, and dedication of youth has long since proved its worth—to Methodism and the world. Former Crusade Scholars often pop up in the news—particularly that from newly independent nations where trained leaders are few. One [see next page] heads his nation's government; two are Methodist bishops, in India and the Philippines; others are college presidents, seminary professors, church executives, doctors, nurses, missionaries. Each one is a dedicated Christian whose talents have been sharpened, understanding broadened, and faith enriched by Crusade Scholar experiences.

Kerstin Persson: From Scarritt College she went home to teach nursing at Methodist Bethany Hospital, Stockholm, Sweden. To students, she teaches nursing skills and Christian values.



Pierre Shaumba: A Methodist district superintendent, he heads the 40-group Congo Protestant Council.

Priscilla Padolina: An MS from Cornell University helped prepare her for rural-church work in the Philippines.

Archbishop Makarios: One of the few non-Methodist scholars, he was elected a Greek Orthodox bishop in 1948. Now he heads both church and state on Cyprus.

Dr. George S. Sahai: First Indian principal of Leonard Theological College, he was granted leave for a year's study at Union Seminary in New York.

Dr. James S. Thomas: A former Gammon Seminary professor, he co-ordinates work of Methodism's 13 Negro colleges.

Olga Vela: Trained as a lab technician, she found deeper satisfaction working with people, now heads a Methodist social center in Mexico.

Dr. Harold S. Hong (foreground): Under his administration, Korea's growing Methodist seminary has gained three new buildings in three years.

Should Colleges Ease Up ON FOOTBALL?

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Famed editor William Allen White once wrote: "Football has as much to do with education as bullfighting has to do with agriculture." Rising enrollments, costs, and academic standards are adding weight—if not humor—to the argument today. Critics are asking if big-time football's costly stadiums and scholarships are justified. For answers, we turned to two Methodist-related schools—Duke University and the University of the Pacific—both of which have produced strong teams and great stars, but now are pursuing different courses. Here are their statements:

YES: 'We must make a change,'

Says ROBERT E. BURNS,
President, University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif.

I PERSONALLY like intercollegiate football and support it enthusiastically, but in recent years I have come to question the position it occupies on the educational scene.

The climate of the American-college campus has changed dramatically since Russia sent Sputnik I spinning into space in 1957, and it no longer is hospitable to many of the activities, traditions, and enthusiasms which characterized college life in the 1920s and 1930s. The public, students, and educators all demand a stronger academic emphasis.

In this more urgent and purposeful atmosphere, we at the University of the Pacific (formerly College of the Pacific) felt compelled to ask ourselves whether or not we could justify the time, money, and energy expended on a big-time football program. After weighing all the factors involved, we decided that we could not. It wasn't an easy decision.

The University of the Pacific has had a colorful and exciting history in intercollegiate football, and its rise to the status of a major power was phenomenal. From football limbo in the 1920s, it climbed to national prominence in the 1940s and 1950s, reaping great publicity and prestige along the way. But the climb was arduous and expensive.

Established in 1851 at San Jose and the oldest chartered college in California, Pacific had virtually no athletic program when it left the old campus for Stockton in 1924. Even there it was the only private, coeducational college of its type in the state north of the Tehachapi Mountains, and consequently something of an athletic misfit. It was allied in the old Far Western Conference with such schools as the University of Nevada, University of California Davis Branch, and Chico State.

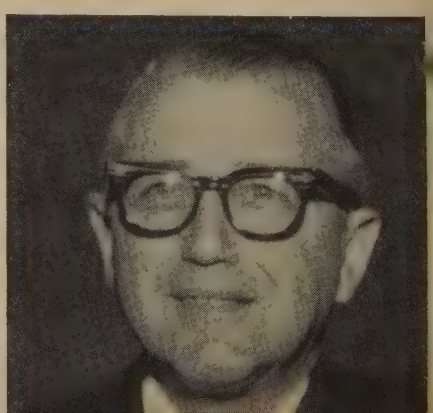
Since these public colleges charged little tuition, Pacific had to award athletic scholarships to land comparable athletes. It began by giving 50, which strained its financial resources and produced only mediocre results on the field. Then, in 1933, Amos Alonzo Stagg was hired as head coach, ushering in nearly three decades of football success and solvency.

Stagg was known as the Grand Old Man of Football. His personality attracted top players, his talent produced winning teams, and his reputation enabled him to schedule lucrative games. The scholarship and scheduling policies molded during his 14-year tenure were continued until this year, and a roll call of Pacific football successes and stars is testimony to their workability.*

Tiger football reached its peak in a 26-7 victory over Mississippi Southern in the 1953 Sun Bowl game, and the years produced a steady parade of stars. Eddie LeBaron, Clyde Conner, Eddie Macon, and Gene Cronin are names which will stir the memory of any real fan.

* *For an insight on Stagg's coaching philosophy, see his* Bring the Best out of Boys! *August, 1957, page 15.*—EDS.

Under Dr. Burns, president since 1946, Pacific has grown from a small college into a university.



The thrill of big-time football: Duke defeated Arkansas by one point, 7-6, in the 1961 Cotton Bowl.

lore recent Pacific notables such as ick Bass and Tom Flores are star- ng in professional football. Wayne ardin, present Navy coach, is a rmer Pacific player.

Big-time football had great public- y value for Pacific, and, too, it en- bled many boys—among them Bass nd Flores—to obtain college educa- ons. It has done much for the hool, and I believe it still has an nportant place in college life. But don't believe that place is the same it was a few years ago.

As we sense the new attitude ward education—and the serious- ss of its purpose and goals—it be- mes increasingly difficult to justify heavily subsidized sport. As we in the stadium and watch a bowl ravaganza unfold—with its pre- sion-drilled teams, cheering sec- ons, and marching bands—we can- ot help but reflect on the great penditure of effort, money, and me required to bring it about. ven as the color and excitement of e contest grip our emotions, we e possessed by a feeling that our best mental and physical resources should be directed toward more lofty goals.

There were other considerations in our decision to de-emphasize football at the University of the Pacific. Many of them result from the recent shift in academic emphasis, some from purely local conditions, and still others from our new aspirations for our school.

Pacific, along with many other first-rank educational institutions, has raised its entrance requirements and academic standards to the point where many fine athletes no longer can be accepted. This has placed us in real competition with such nearby schools as Stanford and the University of California for the fewer players who can qualify.

We have announced plans for an Oxford-style, cluster-type university in Stockton, and they have been received enthusiastically. Increasing enrollments and the demand for an enlarged campus and greater facilities rule out extravagant use of funds and staff time. The image we envision is incompatible with big-time football. Rather, it is of a "community of scholars" where football will be played for fun, with as many students as possible participating.

The changing campus climate has had another result: the conditions which gave rise to our past high level of football activity no longer exist. Student interests and loyalties are changing, and there even is open hostility toward football on some campuses.

Some of this decline in interest is due to the impact of television, the popularity of professional football, and increasing competition for the entertainment dollar. College games of top quality now may be seen on the TV screen every weekend, and the fan need not leave his living room and battle heavy traffic to watch them.

If the fan insists on "live" football, he can drive to a nearby metropolitan city and see two professional teams in action. Their well-drilled, all-star squads play a better brand of football than college teams ever can hope to play.

In view of these changed conditions and attitudes, we assume the public wants us to adopt the stronger academic emphasis and revise our athletic program accordingly. We are in a life-and-death struggle with communism, and we feel we would be short-changing society if we pursued any other course.

As we attempted to reappraise and reorient ourselves, we kept one idea always firmly in mind: we are first of all an educational institution, striving for the highest standards. Where, then, should we be going, and what direction should we take? This is the course we have decided upon:

1. Beginning with the 1961 season, we will give intercollegiate athletics back to the students. We have been released from our major commitments and will schedule no more cross-country football trips. We will pursue a course of watchful waiting to see if other schools of our academic philosophy move in the same direction. If so, we will

try to schedule games with them.*

2. We will drastically reduce the number of football scholarships. Current commitments will be fulfilled.

This does not mean we will settle for mediocrity. We will insist on fielding teams that can win and uphold our traditions—but against schools of similar philosophy from our own area.

We believe that by so doing we can best engender the spirit of competition and rivalry which is so much a part of college life, and discourage the callousness which frequently marks big-time competition. We believe that this system will form a firmer foundation for alumni loyalty and student interest.

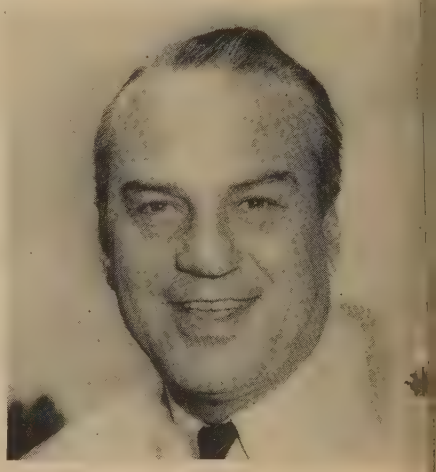
We don't think we will lose the moral and character-building aspects of the sport, such as the spirit of fair play, physical contact, discipline, and healthy competition. We do think we will achieve a better balance between scholastic endeavor and enthusiast recreation for all of Pacific's student

We believe this course to be cor sistent in a world which demands th best efforts of the whole man. Ou problems cannot be resolved by system which professes to educat the whole person but in reality en courages only a kind of short-sighte and superficial "spectatoritis." Pacifi is committed to a strong program o intercollegiate athletics, but on a leve which we sense the public, the stu dents, and the faculty now demanc

* *For a story of how one sports-minded, Methodist-related school gets along without varsity teams, see* At Emory University—They Play the Game! *September, 1957, page 31.*—Eds.

NO: 'It plays a beneficial role,'

Declares EDDIE CAMERON,
Director of Athletics, Duke University, Durham, N.C.



A three-sport star in college, Mr. Cameron coached Duke football and basketball teams before becoming director of athletics in 1951.

FEW SCHOOLS, if any, can duplicate Duke University's experience in intercollegiate football. Its attitudes toward the game have been shaped by many seasons of successful competition—and by many years when the school banned football and fielded no team at all.

Duke, then known as Trinity College, played in the South's first college-football game on Thanksgiving Day in 1888, but shortly thereafter gave up the sport for 25 years. Since resuming competition in 1920, Duke has built a football program which is one of the most respected and successful in the country.

I don't propose to make an argument for college football. The very fact that Duke now plays the game, after its unique experience, is indicative of our opinion of the game's worth. We plan to continue our program on the same high level of excellence, always keeping in mind the fact that there are both sane and insane approaches to the game.

Football is a unifying force among our students and alumni, and we think it plays a definite and beneficial role in the educational process. And at Duke it is paying its own way and also contributing to the support of minor and intramural sports.

Over the years, Duke football has been very fortunate in having wise administration, excellent coaching, rewarding conference affiliations, and many fine players. President John Franklin Crowell, who came to Durham from Yale, organized and coached the first three teams in the late 1880s. Among his stars were Thomas Daniels and brothers Robert Lee Durham and Stonewall Jackson Durham. One became a college president, one was a World War I hero, another a successful businessman.

Trinity's teams won Southern championships and fostered tremendous school pride, but in the 1890s—as now—there was talk of professionalism in college football. The faculty took no halfway measures in forestalling any possible link with scandal. It abolished the sport.

Yet in just those seven years of competition, Trinity football had provided many cherished memories. They became the basis for dreams of future athletic glory during the long years of the ban. Alumni and other friends of the sport waged a continuing battle to get football reinstated. Finally, in 1920 they succeeded.

The road back to successful competition with the nation's major teams was long and hard for Duke. The 1920 schedule consisted of games with Guilford, Emory and Henry, Lynchburg, Elon, and Wofford—a far cry from the caliber of opposition the Blue Devils will face this fall in Michigan, Georgia Tech, Navy, Notre Dame, and six Atlantic Coast Conference rivals!

I came to Duke as freshman football coach in 1926 and participated in the struggle to rebuild a topnotch football program. Thirteen years after the sport was resumed, in 1933, Duke won the Southern Conference championship under Coach Wallace Wade. It since has won 14 conference titles.

Naturally, Duke has received many bowl bids. We turned some of them down—when we felt our team was not strong enough, or when we thought the game would interfere with our educational purpose. We forestalled other expected bids by making it clear we weren't interested. As a result, we've played in only six post-season contests—two each in the Rose and Orange bowls, and one each in the Cotton and Sugar bowls. We've won three and lost three of those games.

Our most recent bowl memory is one of our proudest. We came from behind in the final quarter to defeat

Arkansas, 7-6, in the 1961 Cotton Bowl game. The victory gave our students a thrill of achievement which it would be impossible to get out of books, and it reinforced my belief that the football team is the most effective means we have of impressing upon students the necessity of giving their best.

Each school, of course, must conduct its football program as best it can, with regard for special conditions, goals, and purposes. It is my opinion that this program and the athletic department should be just as good as the other programs and departments of the college or university.

Our teams play schedules which challenge their best efforts. To do otherwise would be out of keeping with our concept of the values the game should teach the participants. We expect to win some games and lose some against opponents who command respect.

Playing football at Duke requires sacrifice. We don't offer a major in physical education, or any special curriculum for athletes. They must compete against first-class students in the schools of medicine, law, religion, and forestry. We are proud of these schools and the scholars they have produced, and they are known and respected the world over.

A single standard of admission prevails for all students, and coaches never ask faculty members for special consideration for team members. Under these demanding conditions, four of our football players earned Phi Beta Kappa averages in the 1960-61 school year.

If you thumb through your football memory, you probably will recall few great professional stars from Duke, considering the school's stature in the collegiate football world. Yet the record of team achievement cannot be denied—conference championships and bowl successes against major opposition. More revealing, I think, is a study of the achievements by former team members in the business and professional worlds. It sheds light on the kind of men who play football for Duke and how they play the game.

It is true in these days of higher academic standards, of course, that some players of past years wouldn't qualify for admission to the university. But this could be said of non-athletes, too.

We at Duke welcome the new challenge. Potential college-football players are as aware as anyone else of the higher standards for college admission, and this knowledge serves as an incentive for them to work harder in high school. This not only makes them better students but better players.

Maintaining a sensible and successful football program is a difficut task and one which requires the school always to retain over-all control within its own framework. We need and encourage enthusiastic alumni support, but final responsibility and authority must rest only with school officials, deans, faculty committees, and others normally delegated policy-making powers by the university. If the athletic department surrenders control to an outside organization, it soon will be in trouble.

In summary, I must emphasize my conviction that college football is one of the best instruments for training a man for the battles of life—when it is conducted on a reasonable basis. And I must repeat my conviction that it is possible to be reasonable and successful at the same time.

Only recently, a large Southern university announced that it was beginning a program of football de-emphasis. Press releases outlined the plan in detail. Reading them, we quickly discovered that when the school had de-emphasized it would be following a program similar to that which we have pursued for 40 years at Duke!

In one sense, perhaps, we at Duke have had a de-emphasized football program all along. But this does not mean that we have been, are, or will be content with second best. So long as I am responsible for the department of physical education and intercollegiate athletics, I will recommend that we continue to play the best teams in football. We shall continue striving to be among the top teams in the nation with athletes who are students in every sense of the word.

I believe this plan to be in keeping with the policy of excellence pursued by other departments of Duke.

Duke halfback Bob Garda (top) was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in 1960. John Tinnell, Roy Bostock, and Rex Adams (bottom, left to right) all qualified for membership.

Students study languages in new isolation booths at Pacific, where there is heavy emphasis on international relations.

A mother of three stoutly defends the younger set:

Children Should Be Seen--Not Slurred

By MARJORIE S. PITHER

A Together in the Home Feature

CHILDREN have had a lot of bad publicity lately, outright slander, really. Between Jean Kerr's daisy-eaters and Elinor Goulding Smith's housemates, somebody who doesn't know Children personally might think they were monsters or something. I, for one, like Children better than People. I really do, and I can give you a hundred good reasons why.

For one thing, People are wet blankets. If somebody says, "Let's do this" or "Let's do that," People first think of all the reasons why they can't. They're too tired, or it's too close to dinnertime, or they have to put the screens up, or take the screens down, or something. If they finally do it, after all that, they keep thinking about all those things and they don't have any fun.

Children on the other hand are enthusiastic. They're always ready to do practically anything, whether it's going to look at somebody's new puppies, or swing in the back yard, or shoot fireworks, or make popcorn. They're never too tired. Children first think of all the reasons why they should do things. They like to play marbles, fly model airplanes, kick tin cans, dig for fishing worms, play cowboys and Indians, and turn somersaults.

Another thing, People are phony. You can't believe a word they say. They pretend to like other People while they're with them and then, right after, they'll say they don't like them at all. They try hard to hide their feelings. If they get mad, they don't come right out and say so; instead they get ulcers, or drive too fast, or make sarcastic remarks, or hold a grudge forever and ever. They even hide it when they feel happy.

Children, however, are candid. They don't pretend about what they like and don't like. If you say, "Would you like to have a peanut-butter sandwich?" or "Would you like to stay here with me?" or "Would you like to play outdoors?" they'll tell you. Children don't pretend to like you if they really don't; they act the way they feel. If they get mad, they simply throw a tantrum, which blows over fast and then it's all finished and done with. They forgive and forget in just about two minutes flat. If they're happy, they really show it: they dance and skip and laugh and then everybody around feels happy, too.

People sleep too much. They take naps, even when nobody can make them. But Children hate sleep. They love being awake because they love life so much. That's why they put up such a big fight about going to bed. And they don't have any trouble bouncing out in the morning. Children are glad when morning comes —like the birds, they're gay as soon as they wake up. They never need coffee first.

People aren't friendly, either. You don't see them going around making friends in the supermarket, or on the bus, or while they're in a park. Even if they're introduced they're afraid to ask about the things they want to know. You don't hear People ask each other, "How old are you?" or "Do you want to be my friend?" or things like that. But Children are very friendly. They don't care anything about anybody's race, creed, or color. They like the TV repair man and the nurse in the doctor's office and the old man who feeds pigeons and the baby next door and the cleaning woman and practically everybody.

People don't really appreciate nature. All they know to do is look at nature or take pictures of it and then look at them. They say, "Isn't this a lovely hill?" or "What a nice tree!" or "My, the lilacs are beautiful."

Children really appreciate nature. They roll like logs down the grassy slope, bumping along and giggling at the way the weeds tickle. Then they run down it with their arms spread out and they're airplanes or birds, and they feel the wind. They don't just look at the lilacs. They smell them, and then taste the leaves, and take a flower apart to see how it's made, and crawl through the bushes to find out what they're like underneath. They climb up in the tree to sway on the branches and find out how rough the bark is and if there are any birds' nests. Children don't just stand there looking at nature. They smell it and feel it and taste it and see how it looks from underneath and all round.

People are pretty dull. They aren't really interested in much. Children are interested in everything. They're interested in telephones and God and bugs and stars and baseball and steam shovels and anything you can think of. They are really bursting

with curiosity and bubbling with questions.

People are always stewing about what other People will think. They do not do much of what they want to do. They get all dressed up when they go out so other People won't think they're sloppy or don't know any better, even if they're more comfortable in their shorts and old tennis shoes. They even go into debt so other People won't find out that they don't have as much money as they want them to think they have!

Children don't give a hoot about what others think. When People say, "What will Mr. Brown think of a big boy like you acting this way?" or "What will the neighbors think of a big girl like you getting so muddy?" Children tell them, "I don't care!" It's true. They don't care. They never get dressed up unless they're made to. Children will even tell you exactly how much money they have. They don't care if you know. Even if they don't have one single cent.

People are always waiting until things are over. That way they spend a lot of time being bored, which shows up in their dispositions. Say they're riding along on a bus; they're just waiting until they get somewhere. Or say they're at the garage while the car is being fixed; they're just waiting until they can be on their way again. The minute they catch up to what they're waiting for, they start waiting for the next thing.

Children, on the other hand, enjoy things while they're going on. They have a good time counting telephone poles along the highway, watching the mechanic work on the motor, or skipping the cracks in the sidewalk. That way they're happy as they go along and not all the time waiting to be happy.

Besides, People think for a thing to be good it has to cost money. Children know you can get lots of things for nothing. They can have dandelions for nothing. They can take vases and old inner tubes and bottles and a broken phonograph and an empty candy box and lots of other things out of trash cans in the alley. They can pick up rocks with sparkles like diamonds in them and feathers and a big packing box for a fort and lots of other things without spending one single cent!

I could go on with all the other reasons why I like Children better than People, but it would take about a million years. What I'd much rather do is have somebody explain this to me: when People say to other People, "You're so childish!" why do they say it in a derogatory tone? I think it's just about the nicest compliment there is.

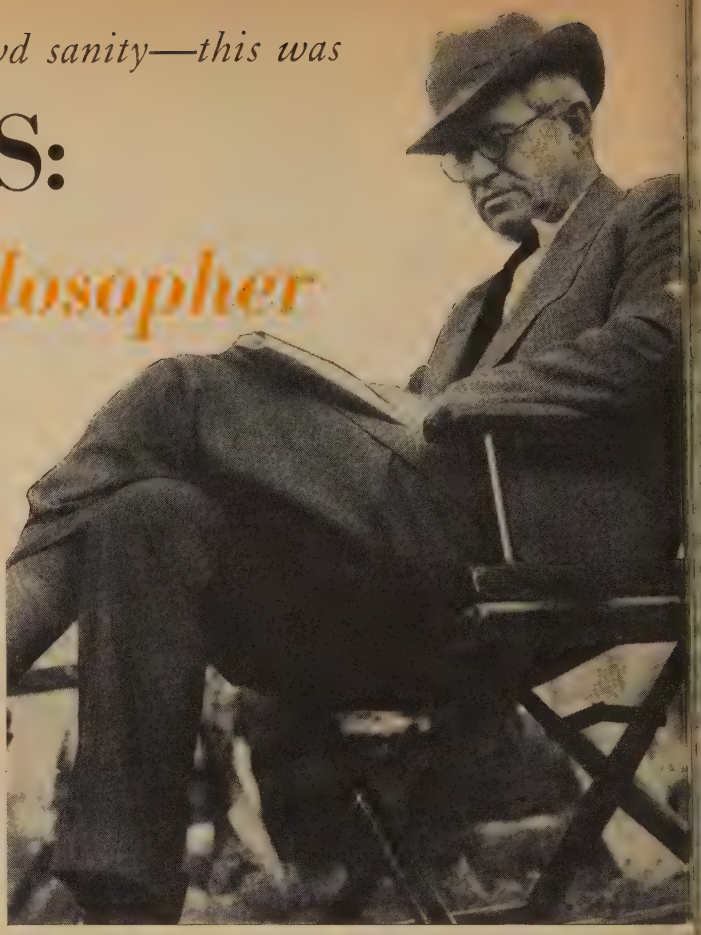
You see, I remember what our Lord said about our becoming like little children.

"Children are enthusiastic . . . ready to do practically anything, whether it's going to look at somebody's new puppies, or swing in the back yard, or . . . make popcorn. They're never too tired."

A blend of homespun humor and shrewd sanity—this was

WILL ROGERS:

Methodistical Philosopher



As a boy, he hated school. As a man, he taught a nation how to laugh at itself—and like it!

By HOMER CROY
Author, *Our Will Rogers*

THE REVEREND Colonel William Penn Adair Rogers, that's how we might have known him if his mother'd had her way. But it's probably better that Will Rogers never became a Methodist minister, as his mother had hoped. He came around to his own style of preaching, using rope tricks instead of hand waving while he taught Americans plenty about fair play and tolerance and helpfulness and humility and honesty. Anyway, whoever heard of a minister who couldn't talk except he had a chew of gum, and thought syntax "must be bad, havin' both sin and tax in it"?

Will's born name, sure enough, led off with "Colonel." The real Colonel Adair, a full-blooded Cherokee, had led a Cherokee mounted regiment in the Civil War. Clem Rogers, Will's dad, had been his lieutenant. They became lifelong friends. At the time Will was born in 1879, the colonel's wife was visiting at the Rogers home. When the newborn's hollerings started, Mrs. Adair asked the privilege of naming him. That's how the little fellow entered life with an eagle on his shoulder. The full name appears on the authenticated Cherokee Rolls for 1880 which, so far as is known, Will never bothered to look up.

I learned about Mrs. Rogers' wish for her son to be a preacher soon after a book I wrote was chosen as Will's first talking picture and we were introduced. Soon as he found I was a Methodist, we didn't have any trouble getting acquainted. Even before that, touring the country as a lecturer, he especially liked to talk in Methodist churches. Usually he'd start off saying that his mother had been a Methodist and that she had him picked for a preaching career. Then, eyes twinkling, he'd explain: "But I slipped and became an actor. I'm thankful she never knowed it!"

Will's mother died when he was 10, but the influence of her early teachings hovered over him the rest of his life. She had a rich sense of humor and a tongue quick as a jaybird's wing. She had musical ability, too, and ordered the first piano brought into the section of northeastern Oklahoma around what now is Rogers County (named after Will's dad). She and Will often sang Methodist hymns together. There even was a time when Will fancied his boyish soprano that of a real singer. Neighbors treated to this entertainment found it easy to restrain their enthusiasm. Anyway, his mother wanted him to be a Methodist minister, and it was so planned. But he was to "slip and become an actor."

Will's dad was a gruff, domineering businessman, about as different from his wife and youngest child as cream from clabber. He worked hard and clung to money like a sandbur to a horse blanket. By the time Will came along, Clem Rogers was the third richest man in the Indian Territory. He didn't say much directly against Will's being a minister, but sometimes would point out that there wasn't much money in it. As for his wife's wish for grace before meals, Clem obliged—at breakneck speed, so as not to waste time getting to the vittles. He worked on Sunday, too, and expected his help to do the same. All in all, he wasn't exactly what you'd call a good influence on a young sprout headed for a seminary.

Will's dad was largely responsible for dealing out the worst piece of luck that could happen to a growing boy. Will hated school; he was even pouty when his mother tried to teach him the piano. Then came a thunderclap that practically scalped him. His father decided Will would have to go to Tahlequah to attend the Cherokee Female Seminary, the school the boy's mother had attended. It was downright humiliatin'. But the boy was packed up and, kicking like a steer, shipped off to the girls' school.

He was the only boy there—and he determined to get out fast. At night he would creep behind girls and send up a war whoop that made their bustles shake. The girls complained to the faculty. Will sent up more whoops. In two weeks he was back at the ranch.

Soon more trouble loomed. This time his father

ıose the Harrell Institute at Muskogee, a Methodist ıstitution. The student body included two boys—Will ıd the president's son. Will launched another imagina- ve anti-school campaign, and inside of three weeks is father had a letter from the president suggesting that Vill be "removed" because he was "not doing well."

Soon after, tragedy hit the Rogers' household. While Jill was fighting the measles, his mother got what was ien called the flux. A doctor, summoned by wire, ıanged teams twice in a 36-mile race against time, but Vill's mother died before he arrived. Will, so sick he ɔuldn't attend the funeral, had lost his devoted, deeply ligious mother. It was the saddest day of the 10-year- d's life.

Even if his mother had lived, it is doubtful that Will ould have ended up a preacher. He was restless, loved ıe outdoors, and didn't take to book learnin' at all. le saved his talent and enthusiasm for practicing rope icks, riding fast horses, visiting friends, and joshing ith the boys. This cantankerousness weighed heavily ı his dad, who had no other male heir to take over the ınch. Clem Rogers tried to harness the boy's spirit and et a good education stuffed into him by sending him) three more schools, one the Scarritt Collegiate Institute f Neosho, Mo., run by the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South. But at 19, after not quite a year of enter- ining fellow cadets at Kemper Military School over in ɔonville, Will shook the Missouri dust from his feet and t out for Texas. That ended his formal education.

He rode herd a few months before returning home confront his father, who still nursed the flickering ope that his son might someday settle down and run ıe family ranch. That hope soon died. Yet Will was ot an incorrigible; in many ways he was more sober- ıinded than his raucous companions. Unlike them, he id not play cards, gamble, smoke, or drink. Where ıey prided themselves on their swearing, Will had no art of it. He liked to play pranks, but never harmful nes. His mother had laid foundations that were to stick ɔr a lifetime.

When Will finally settled on a career, however, it ıas far removed from the ministry. At the beginning e was just a tank-town vaudeville lasso twirler, no ıore. He never said a word on stage or tried to be ınny. One night, though, he broke silence to call at- ention to a difficult new rope trick. The words he used ɛren't funny, but his personality showed through. Vhen the folks laughed, Will was flabbergasted. In fact, e was downright depressed—until fellow performers ɔnvinced him that getting laughs was good show biz. Once Will put his mind to it, he didn't have much ouble being funny.

For a good while, Will never went on stage or lec- ıred before a group without a wad of chewing gum in is mouth and a lariat in his hand. After a time he found didn't even need the rope. He'd just stroll on stage, ands in pockets, and talk. That was all. Just talk. But vhat magnificent talk it was! He'd talk on anything.

Will didn't turn into another gag man with a repertoire of tired jokes ground out by hired writers. He was himself, on or off stage. He didn't have a set routine because he wanted fresh humor, though it sometimes lacked polish in on-the-spot improvisation. People could never take themselves too seriously with Will around to stick pins in inflated egos. He loved to whittle at the "ins" cockily riding on top of the world. To his great credit, he never took a crack at those who were "out" or "down." He always championed the little guy.

Will never was a regular churchgoer, yet he expected his children to attend Sunday school every week. When he lived in Beverly Hills, Calif., the community had no church; Sunday school was held in a grammar school. Will pitched in and helped raise money for what still operates as the Beverly Hills Community Church.

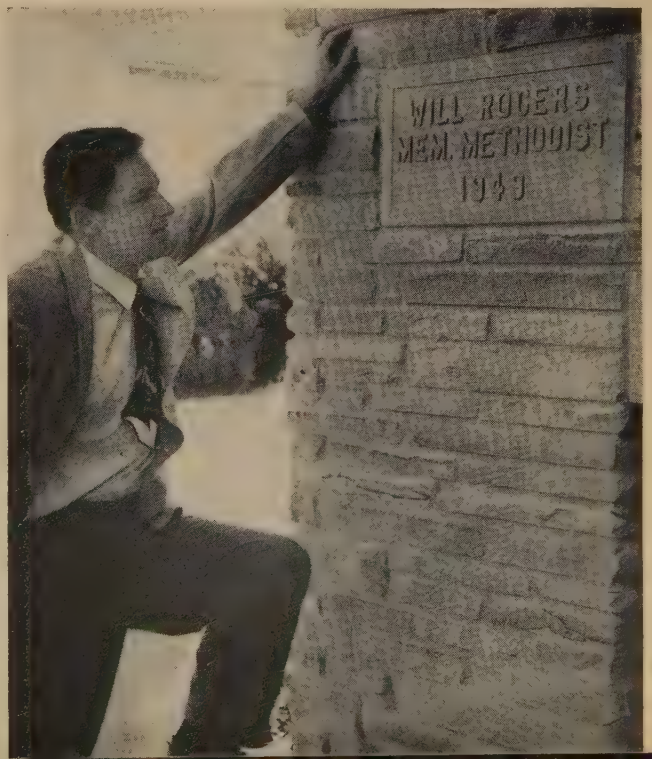
Not that Will never talked about his Methodist upbringing. While lecturing in the summer of 1928, for example, he appeared before a group of Methodists at Ocean Grove, N.J. [See *Methodism-by-the-Sea,* July, 1959, page 76.] He described the experience in his weekly syndicated newspaper column:

"I tole 'em I was a Methodist," he wrote. "I didn't tell 'em I was South Methodist or they would throwed me in the ocean. There is two bunches of Methodists. One believed in slavery, the other didn't. The War has been over 65 years, but they are still building different churches. There is just as much reason for these denominations to be separate as there is for blondes to go to one church, and brunettes to another. The Civil War has been over 65 years, but the churches are the only ones that haven't found it out." *

In that same year, Will began to mention epitaphs. The subject fascinated him. He suggested this as his: "He joked about every prominent man of his time, but he never met one he disliked."

Now Will did dislike certain persons, let the world believe what it will. But he never said anything against

* *They did find out, however, and in 1939 the three main bodies—North, South, and Protestant—met at Kansas City and became The Methodist Church with approximately ten million members.*—Eds.



The name of Will Rogers often is seen in his native state, Oklahoma. Here is a cornerstone marker at a Methodist church in Tulsa.

In his sayings, people find . . .

The Heart of Will Rogers

THE HEART of this man called Will Rogers, who made his mark indelibly on the American scene with homely wit and down-to-earth truths, is in the things he said. Here, for the true flavor of Will, are a few of the comments he offered between chaws of gum:

on politics . . .

Come pretty near having two holidays of equal importance in the same week, Halloween and Election, and of the two, Election provides us the most fun. On Halloween they put pumpkins on their heads, and on Election they don't have to.

Take the election. Now, one side couldent or wouldent want to know really what the other side could do or really thought they could do. Both sides just spent the whole summer hunting up things to cuss the other side on.

on government . . .

This country has come to feel the same when Congress is in session as we do when the baby gets hold of a hammer. It's just a question of how much damage he can do with it before we can take it away from him.

on international affairs . . .

There's the one thing no Nation can ever accuse us of and that is Secret Diplomacy. Our Foreign dealings are an Open Book, generally a Check Book.

on religion . . .

Can you imagine our Savior dying for all of us, yet we have to argue over just whether he dident die for us personally. . . . Sometimes I wonder if his lessons of sacrifice and devotion was pretty near lost on a lot of us.

on education . . .

There is nothing as stupid as an educated man if you get off the thing that he was educated in.

on business . . .

Any hour somebody is begging and imploring us to go to the drug store and buy something that will take the wrinkles out of our ears, lift our eyebrows, bring back that ruddy complexion. There is as many gadgets on the market to overhaul men as there is women.

The unruly topknot and ready smile so typical of Will Rogers are captured by artist Herb Roth.

A Holding Company is a thing where you hand an accomplice the goods while the policeman searches you.

The minute a fellow gets into the Chamber of Commerce he quits mowing his own lawn.

on movies . . .

[Hollywood] will film the Lord's Supper and when it is made, figure out that it is not a good release title and not catchy enough, so it will be released under the heading, *A Red Hot Meal* or *The Gastronomical Orgy*.†

on life in general . . .

You must never disagree with a man while you are facing him. Go around behind him and look the same way he is looking and you will see that things look different from what they do when you are facing him.

Half our life is spent trying to find something to do with the time we have rushed through life trying to save.

† *From* Autobiography of Will Rogers. *Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.*

All other quotes from Will Rogers' newspaper columns. Reproduced by permission of the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

them. His way of handling th situation was simple: he had nothin to do with them. If it couldn't b avoided, he'd speak as cordially a he could—then scoot.

Anyway, epitaphs got to be a reg ular lecture topic. Will probabl mentioned 20 or more at vario times, no two alike. One of the cleve est was: "Here lies Will Rogers Politicians turned honest, and h starved to death." The likes of thes attracted little attention. He neve dreamed his first would becom world famous.

It happened in Boston in 1930 during a lecture tour. As usual, Wil wandered out, hands in his pockets his gum going, and started off wit a genial "Howdy, folks." On thi night, he repeated a story he ha used often before.

"I've got my epitaph all worke out," he said. "When I'm tucke away in the old graveyard west o Oologah (his home town in Okla homa), I hope they will cut thi epitaph: 'Here lies Will Rogers. He joked about every prominent man of his time, but he never met on he didn't like.' I'm so proud of tha I can hardly wait till they can use it."

He had in mind only politicians. But a reporter from a Boston paper that night misquoted him as saying flatly, "I never met a man I didn't like." A wire service picked up the story and soon it was the talk of the nation. Will was astonished. Why, nobody had paid any mind to it before. He had been using it for many years.

And he'd probably be more surprised now to see it carved on the base of his statue at the Will Rogers Memorial in Claremore, Okla.

On the outside of the Memorial Building is carved another of his sayings which I think best sums up his attitude toward life and his fellow humans. It is this:

"We are here just for a spell and then pass on. So get a few laughs and do the best you can. Live your life so that whenever you lose, you are ahead."

That's probably not the way a real man of the cloth would have put it. But it was just how Will felt about things, and he spoke it out plain as he always did.

It was the way he lived his life.

Georgia's Wesleyan College—

Always Making History

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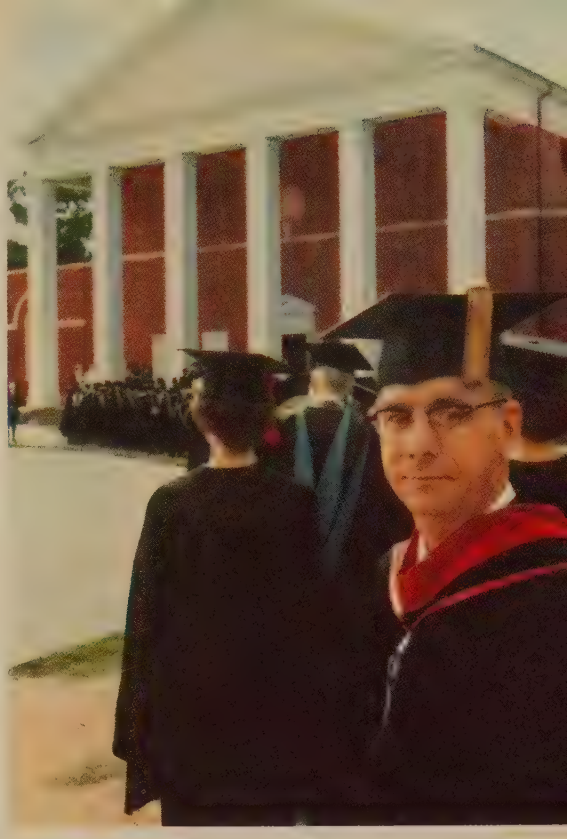
ON A 240-acre campus in suburban Macon, Ga., tall, white columns front red-brick buildings of Georgian colonial design; and on moonlit nights the soft south wind carries more than a hint of magnolias and honeysuckle. There's a sparkling blue lake, a woodland area—and traditions that go back 125 years to the founding of Wesleyan College, the first school in the world to grant degrees to women. As expected, one finds pretty girls galore, many of them Georgia's famed, soft-voiced "peaches," others with different accents from all parts of the United States and several foreign countries.

When Wesleyan was chartered in 1836 by the Georgia legislature, one representative protested that, "It is unwomanly for a girl to be educated beyond the ability to read the New Testament." For more than a century, the typical "Wesleyanne" has been a charming refutation of this claim. For she has been trained not only to be widely read but also "to become poised, gracious, and clear-thinking."



The President: Like many before him, W. Earl Strickland is a Methodist minister.

In the old tradition, May Queen Pat Summey and her court pose prettily on a white-columned porch at Wesleyan.

Wai-Min Yung of Hong Kong and a portrait of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who once boarded on the Wesleyan campus.

Old South Traditions Live On

UNLIKE MANY Southern schools, Wesleyan remained open during the Civil War. Union troops came to Macon and, on at least one occasion, a Yankee band serenaded the girls—who stopped their ears until the conductor obliged by playing *Dixie*. In 1867, only nine girls graduated; they wore plain cotton dresses, "unruffled and untrimmed." Alumnae throughout the South were typical of those Civil War wives described by Henry W. Grady: "Reared in luxury, [they] cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and . . . gave their hands to work." To reach Wesleyan and an education in the Southern tradition, one girl traveled in a railroad boxcar.

While Wesleyan today is not a finishing school in the strict sense, graduates are taught to be at home on the ballroom floor or astride a hunting horse; equally well, they can sew, cook, patch, take charge of a PTA meeting or panel discussion, or teach a church-school class.

A gracious model for Wesleyan art students is Macon's Thaddeus Holt Mansion, built in the 1840s.

It's still 1961—and Pat Bonner and Emma Jones are in the room where Alpha Delta Pi, the nation's first sorority, was born. Wesleyan since has abandoned sororities.

Here Sidney Lanier Played His Flute

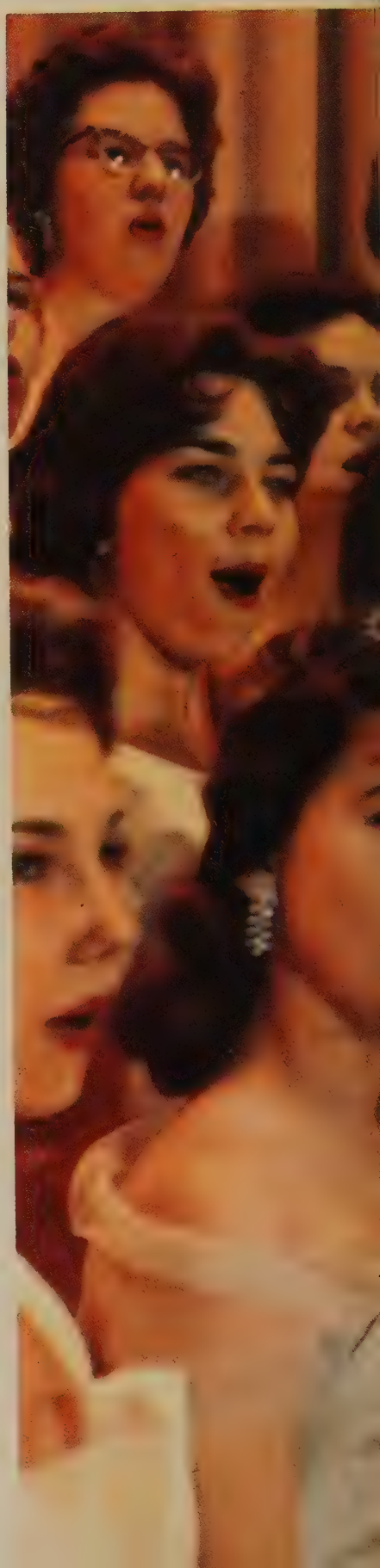
WHEN Sidney Lanier, the poet, returned to his home in Macon after months in a Northern prison camp, he boarded for a time on the Wesleyan campus. A musician as well as a poet, he entertained many with his flute playing—a talent which captivated his future wife, Mary Day. He found Wesleyan an island in the tumult of the times, and music a "gospel whereof the people have great need."

Brains and Beauty Mix

Wesleyannes study by the lake or in their favorite campus nooks, but sooner or later the library calls.

Few plan careers in science, but Wesleyan girls are encouraged to explore new worlds of knowledge.

At the keyboard of one of the South's largest organs is Joyce Veal, whose father is a Methodist minister.



WESLEYAN grants degrees in the liberal and fine arts, with emphasis on religion, music, and teaching. The school has produced more than its share of church organists and choristers [see below], more than its share of preachers' wives (Emory's famed School of Theology is not far away). George F. Pierce, the first president, was a Methodist minister who later became bishop. Since then many ministers, including the current president, have served in this capacity—on the original Macon campus as well as on the present site, occupied 33 years ago.

Exercise: From the school's own stables.

Rhythm: In Wesleyan's gymnasium.

Drama: With a male student's head at stake.

Grace: With thrust and parry of the foil.

Varied Disciplines Train for Diverse Careers

ADMISSION to Wesleyan—"intentionally small and traditionally select"—is based on character, personal qualities, and scholastic aptitude. The program, both intensively academic and extracurricular, is based on learning-by-doing. The student body includes many girls from well-to-do families—but there are scholarships, grants-in-aid, loans, and self-help opportunities for able girls who otherwise could not attend. Among 510 enrolled this year are 14 men—admitted, the girls say with tongue in cheek, so drama-conscious Wesleyannes will have male leads for their numerous stage productions.

The "Wesleyan adventure" includes many facilities beyond the classroom: a 10-acre lake, a rustic cabin, woodland trails, a golf course, a gymnasium with an indoor swimming pool, and an $800,000 fine arts auditorium. Overall, Wesleyan—where the atmosphere is decidedly Christian—has succeeded in combining the "knowledge and piety" considered by John Wesley, founder of Methodism, as vital to the "whole person."

Jan Oates, a Christian-education major, finds Pastor David Duck of Macon a helpful counselor.

Clothes—and how to make and model them—are objects of the spring fashion show.

After class, refreshment in the student center.

Tuning up: The all-girl washboard band.

Time Out for—Well, Many Things

IF THE 125-year-old traditions of Wesleyan College seem to smile down on Miss Wesleyanne of 1961, it is because she is a healthy, fun-loving girl just as inclined toward the snack bar and the late jam session as any other normal college girl. Education for life is many things; it is a part of living, but it is preparation for the future. Wesleyan is for the crucial years when a girl undergoes the transformation from adolescence to the charm and poise of the mature woman.

Discussing the Bible, students ask Dr. Walter Brown, professor of religion at Wesleyan, to pull up a chair.

Many sweethearts come to stand before this window. But the Wesleyan story does not end here. It's just beginning!

Outlining the purpose of the 12 articles is Dr. Gerald O. McCulloh, director of ministerial education, the Methodist Board of Education.

Dr. McCulloh introduces a new series: **WE BELIEVE**

Signs are multiplying that there is an upsurging of interest throughout America in the great question: "Why?"

We who are in theology might rephrase it: "What is the end of man?"

Recognizing that this is a special concern of Methodist seminaries, TOGETHER, with this issue, starts a series under the general heading of *We Believe*. It has been my privilege to join with the Association of Methodist Theological Schools in cooperating with TOGETHER to arrange 12 topics largely drawn from the Articles of Religion and creeds used by Methodists.

These 12 topics range the field of our beliefs. Each has been assigned to the president or dean of a theological school who in turn has chosen from his faculty a member qualified to discuss the topic.

The purpose is to present basic beliefs in a style suited to popular interest and understanding. In this intention, our family magazine is following the example of John Wesley, Methodism's founder. He sought for "plain truth for plain people."

Methodism has not been a dogmatic sect. But neither has it been a scattering of people who have not known what they believe. The *We Believe* series is presented in order that the way, the truth, and the life in Christ may be more fully understood among "the people called Methodists."

The Church:

Here Man Worships and Serves

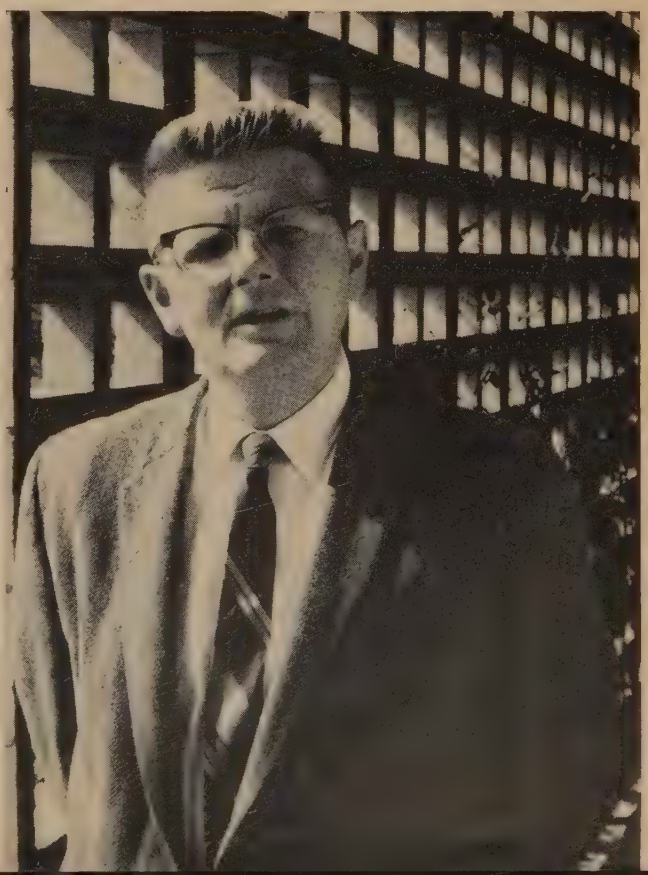
By F. THOMAS TROTTER

Dean and Assistant Professor of Religion and Fine Arts
Southern California School of Theology, Claremont, Calif.

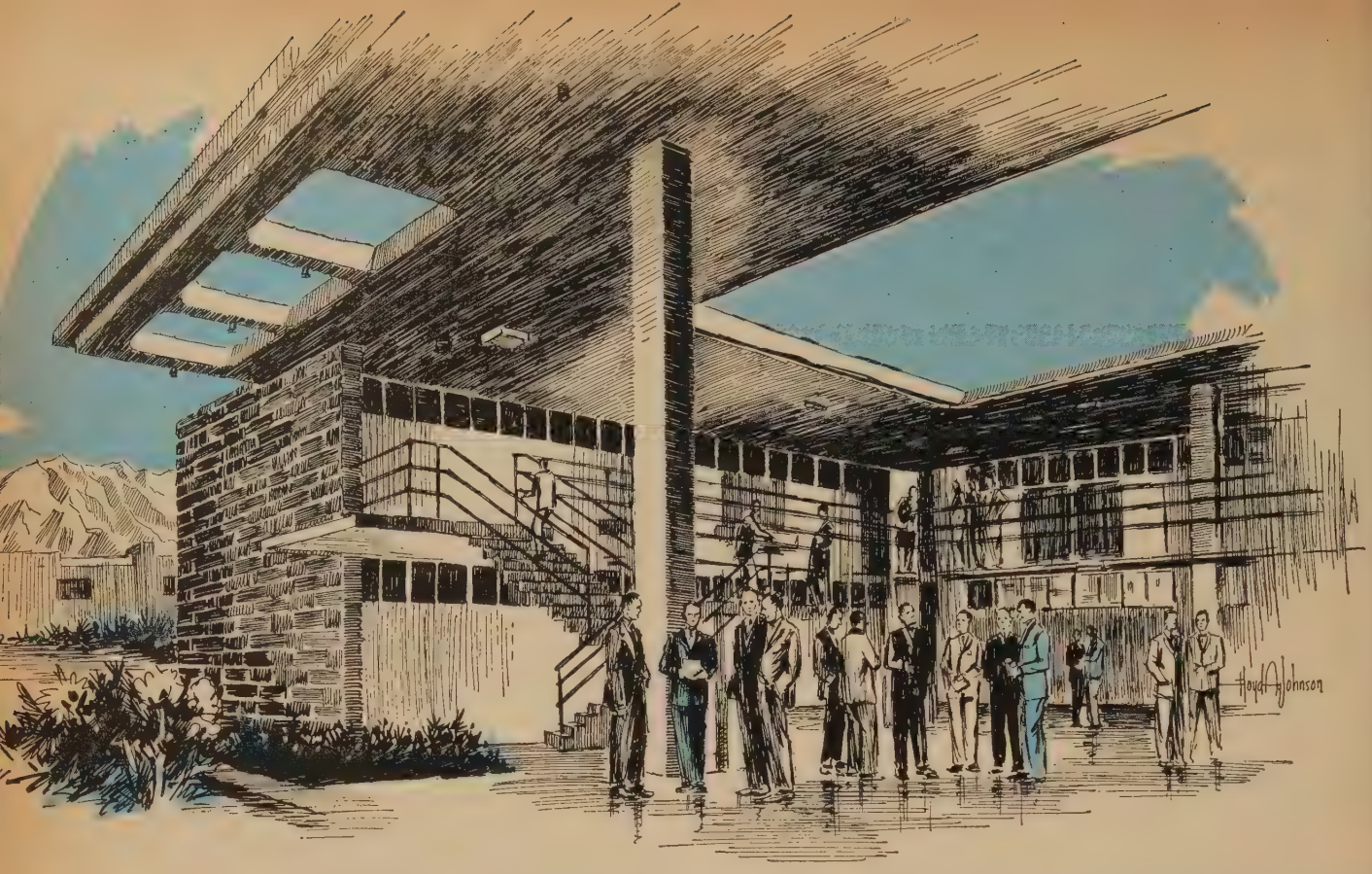
ONE FACT of modern life obvious to us all is that we are overly organized. There is a club, or society, or brotherhood for just about every imaginable interest. We even join clubs which help us buy books. A recent cartoon in the *New Yorker* illustrated the difficulty we have in avoiding too much special interest organization. A young lady is seen speaking to a friend on the telephone: "We're going to have a New Year's Eve party for people who hate New Year's Eve parties!" Even those who resist our society's pressures for conformity seem inevitably doomed to more organization.

In this kind of hectic society it is no wonder that many people look upon the church as just another thing-to-do in a schedule already overcrowded with PTA, Little League, woman's club, bridge club, golf club, garden club, League of Women Voters, political parties, unions, business and professional societies, and what have you.

The problem is complicated by the fact that many of these other institutions often have seemingly parallel purposes to the church. After all, the service club tries



Only 35, Dr. Trotter became dean of the Claremont school July 1. He was founding pastor of the Montclair (Calif.) Methodist Church.



Famed Mount Baldy looms behind the new academic complex of Southern California School of Theology at Claremont, an eastern suburb of Los Angeles. Founded in 1885 at San Fernando, the school moved to the new site—its third—in 1957. Enrollment is approximately 120.

to do what the church wants done—it creates good will in the community, helps the poor at holiday time, sends children to camps. The lodge has worship services and a great deal of Scripture is read at every meeting. The recreational clubs bring the family together and hold them together by teaching them how to laugh and play together.

So the question arises: what is unique about the church in the community? If so many other institutions do parallel work, why complicate things with still another time-consuming claim? What do we mean when we say the Church is "the fellowship for worship and service"?

The Church

The idea of membership in the Church as the accepted way of relating a person to the institution is a comparatively recent practice. Historically, all baptized persons were, by virtue of that rite, in the Church. The first Methodists were communicants, by Baptism, in the Church of England. In addition they were "members" of little bands or societies which met for study, prayer, and service. To his death, John Wesley was a priest in the Church of England. As Methodism grew strong on the American frontier in the 19th century, the concept of "member" expanded and the little societies became churches in themselves. Most denominations record membership. The idea has great merit and is a useful tool in helping churches know and keep in touch with their people.

But the concept of "member" has some serious drawbacks. It tends to add weight to the mistaken notion that the church is a society like a club, a lodge, or a union, something to which we may pay dues and from which we may expect something in return. It adds weight to the idea that the church is that building down on the corner of First and Main streets.

We are not Christians simply because we go to church. We go to church because we are Christians. In other words, the church is not the place where we worship God and serve our neighbor, fulfilling the commandment of Jesus. It is, rather, the living community of those who, knowing their weakness, find strength in the worship of God and, in their repentance, find peace in service. The church is not a place where we go merely to hear discussion of theological problems or social problems. It is the gathering of the community of those who would hear God's Word and sense his will.

George Bernard Shaw once remarked, "I rate a church, or a man, not by the reasons they give for things, but by the things for which they give reasons."

John Wesley was sublimely indifferent to the labored niceties of theological discussion for its own sake. The Church for him was *living* Christianity. In one of his brother Charles' hymns, the idea was expressed in these compelling words:

Ye different sects who all declare,
Lo here is Christ or Christ is there!
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

—1780 Hymnbook, #26

Christ, for Wesley, is to be found where Christians live. The New Testament uses the concept of the body of Christ as synonymous with the church. The Church is our Lord's body. Those who call themselves Christians are members—limbs, feet, hands—of that body. It is worth noting that in the Korean Creed the suggestion is made that worship and service are related to "those united in the living Lord." The Church is not simply the institution *interested* in worship and service. If it were, it would have no claim to distinctiveness. It is "the fellowship for worship and service of those united in the living Lord." Worship and service are defined, then, in terms of a relationship to God in Christ. Christ is found where Christians live and work. The Church is Christ's body. Christians worshiping and serving are the Church. In our times, the Church has been found in the jungles of the South Pacific, in nazi concentration camps, in struggles for human rights.

Worship

If the foregoing be true, then "worship" assumes an aspect somewhat different from the general view. Charles Clayton Morrison once defined the church as "the only institution in society, membership in which is defined on the basis that its members are unworthy of membership." Worship essentially is the proper acknowledgment of our proper relationship to God. It is not the time when we tell God what are our solutions to the human dilemmas. It is a time when we present ourselves to God for his solutions.

A newspaper once reported that a minister's prayer "was one of the finest pastoral prayers ever delivered to a New York congregation." That is what much worship is, unfortunately. It is something *for* the congregation. It is vaudeville and the minister is a kind of "ecclesiastical Ed Sullivan." Worship is drama, not vaudeville. The minister is not a master of ceremonies before an audience; he is one of the "people of God" engaged in a dialogue with God. He is their spokesman, one who speaks in their behalf, one who mediates God's Word. He is an exhorter of the people, converting and confirming men in faith.

When we say that worship is drama two themes come to mind. First, worship ought to be *personal* drama. In worship we measure the infinite distance between God and ourselves. We confess that we have not lived as Christ would have us live. We hear the comfortable words of the Gospel—forgiveness of sin and hope for the newness of life—and we are filled with new strength to allow God's will to be done through us. In this sense, worship is deeply personal and private.

But worship is also *social* drama. In worship we acknowledge our relatedness to other persons. We recall the mighty acts of God in history. We celebrate the festivals of the Incarnation—Christ's coming; and Resurrection—Christ's victory over the powers of darkness and sin; and Pentecost—the descent of the Spirit upon the Church.

We read together the Bible, the record of God's way with man. We call ourselves, with the New Testament, the New Israel. The promises of the Old Covenant (Testament) become fulfilled in the New Covenant (Testament). Worship in The Methodist Church does not conform to any prescribed pattern, but our Articles of Religion clearly define us as "a congregation of faithful men in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments duly administered." This much is basic.

The forms flow from this intention. Worship for Methodists is fundamentally what worship is for all who name themselves after Christ. It is the meeting of faithful men with the preaching of the Word, the reading of Scripture, and the celebration of the Sacraments. The personal and the social meet in worship. Worship is the divine-human activity in which it becomes possible for men to love God and love neighbor, in other words, to fulfill the commandment of love.

The Service

One of the timeworn clichés of preaching is the remark that "the service begins when the worship ends." There is great truth in this overly simplified aphorism. But in another sense, service and worship are deeply involved in the same act. John Greenleaf Whittier wrote these lines in a favorite hymn: "To worship rightly is to love each other." When one truly confronts the living God in worship, then he cannot help but confront his neighbor in a different and more loving way. This is the motivation for service. First John says, "We love, because he [Christ] has first loved us."

The worship of God is not like a secret society with a hidden password or grip. "Show me where the Christians live," cried Wesley. They have no secrets. The good news they bring is to be shouted from the housetops and lived in the shops and mills. Too often the criticism is made that Christians are not Christian enough. Christians, so the saying goes, are prone to have double standards of morality, one for Sunday and another for weekdays. Just about the most fundamental heresy possible for a Christian is to separate worship and service, adoration of God and love of neighbor. "If any one says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar." (1 John 4:20.)

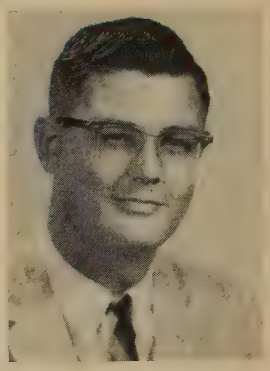
No matter how difficult the application, no one who names himself after Christ is excused from the injunction to wrestle with life's meaning in God in Jesus Christ until one lives in faithful response to God's will.

Among the words used in the New Testament to describe the Church is the word *koinonia,* often translated "fellowship." It has the force of the concept of community, of being bound together. When, in faith, we are united to the living Lord for worship and service, then we are in "fellowship." We find the strength that comes from common ventures and shared purposes. We find comfort (it really means "shared strength") when life's issues seem to crush us with questionings. We find, in short, our true humanity in loving and serving and worshiping alongside others who have found life deepened by God in Jesus Christ. This is what the Church basically is. God's people at worship and at work, faithfully seeking to do his will in *all* things.

In our days crowded with claims upon our time and energy from all sides, the Church invites us into the joy of worship and the peace of service in the "fellowship of those united in the living Lord." This is not only unique, but imperative.

Light Unto My Path

With the emphasis in this issue on college and university life, TOGETHER asked four Wesley Foundation directors to write the meditations. They represent 183 men directing campus religious activities in Foundations and their more than 400 related groups.—EDS.



Donald S. Stanton
Director, Wesley Foundation
City of Richmond
Richmond, Va.

SEPTEMBER 3

Do not be ashamed then of testifying to our Lord, nor of me his prisoner, but take your share of suffering for the Gospel in the power of God.—2 Timothy 1:8

WHILE SERVING as associate director of the 1960 Methodist European Work-Camp Travel-Seminar, I spent a short while in Moscow. There, I got a firsthand glimpse of some people who are not "ashamed of testifying to our Lord," but are taking their "share of suffering for the Gospel in the power of God."

It takes dedication to worship in Russia. Although physical persecution has apparently ceased, there are discouragements of a subtler type.

In spite of these discouragements, a group of faithful Russians continues to worship. At the Russian Orthodox Church in Moscow, we saw some 2,000 persons worshiping, many of them reverently touching their heads to the floor, as they knelt in prayer. About 1,200 worshipers had crowded into the little Baptist Church, participating intently in a service, which lasted about 2½ hours. At a monastery outside the city, we saw an elderly peasant woman, without legs, who had made her way up the monastery hill, alone and without crutches, in order to worship God.

How different is our situation in America! Here, churchgoing is the "thing to do," and a popular, comfortable kind of religion is promoted through television and popular songs. Testifying for the unpopular cause? Suffering for the Gospel? Not for us. We want religion without the sternness of sacrifice, or the danger of a cross, while claiming dedication to the One who asked us to take up our crosses and follow Him.

Christianity cannot be had the easy way. Dynamic Christianity comes only as we are willing to sacrifice the Good for the Best and personal convenience for the kingdom of God.

Prayer: Strengthen us, O God, so that our deeds may be living testimony to thee. Grant us courage to sacrifice the limited and personal for those things which are eternal and divine, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—DONALD S. STANTON

SEPTEMBER 10

Having gifts that differ according to the grace given to us, let us use them: if prophecy, in proportion to our faith; if service, in our serving; he who teaches, in his teaching.—Romans 12:6-7

ARITHMETIC ALWAYS has seemed difficult for me, and one year my work was so poor that I was enrolled in summer school. It was a stroke of luck.

My teacher that summer was a dedicated Christian whose special knack was giving every youngster confidence he could do good work. The result: We learned arithmetic, and we learned confidence! Because God believed in her and helped her to believe in me, I came to believe more in myself.

Each of us is admonished by Paul in Romans 12:3 "not to think of himself *more* highly than he ought to think." But in verses 6 and 7 he reverses the field and asks that no one think of himself *less* highly than he ought. In effect he is saying, "Know well what you can do and then do it, joyously and without reservation. Do it for God whose grace has made it possible."

Jesus' parable of the talents, and a proper understanding of the Protestant emphasis that each Christian must serve as his brother's priest and servant, can save us from interpreting Paul with a selfish selectivity that would justify developing only primary talents while letting others atrophy. Though each person in the university community is endowed with a unique combination of God's gifts and must choose from among them a "major" and a "minor," even his "electives" should be matched to his neighbors' needs.

This becomes even more clear when we add verse 8: "He who exhorts, in his exhortation; he who contributes, in liberality; he who gives aid, with zeal; he who does acts of mercy, with cheerfulness." Thus convinced, a biology major may elect courses in sociology so he will be better prepared to "give aid." Similarly, a professor may greatly enhance his value by adding to his teaching a judicious use of "exhortation."

Prayer: Gracious God, help us to see in ourselves the potential thou dost see, and to treat each talent

Charles F. Cooley
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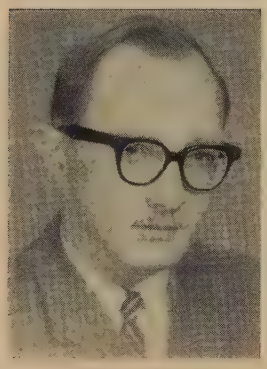


John E. Buchanan
Director, Wesley Foundation
Central Washington College
Ellensburg, Wash.

as a sacred trust to be used in thy service. Amen.

—CHARLES F. COOLEY

SEPTEMBER 17

The young men, too, you should urge to take life seriously, letting your own life stand as a pattern of good living.—Titus 2:6-7 (Phillips)

CHAUCER ILLUSTRATES this advice of Paul to Titus when, describing the parson in his *Canterbury Tales,* he writes:

"Full rich he was of holy thought and work . . . Christés love and his apostles twelve, he taught; and first he followed it himselve."

For all Christians, as for the parson, taking life seriously means a total response to Christ's life and work. Once this response is made, life takes on meaning and direction. Each moment of life is endowed with a purpose and creativity we could never imagine or achieve by ourselves.

Instead of being forced to ask "What is the meaning of life?", the Christian, having found purpose and meaning through Christ, responds in obedience to him. He is then ready not merely to question life, but to be questioned by it. His response is tested not only by what he says about the basic questions of life but by how he answers them in concrete deeds, responsible to God in the sight of man.

This response entails far more than the virtues of the good life as exemplified by polite and moral society. It means those who know Christ as their pattern and power respond to the fundamental issues of life with a courage that is both revolutionary and redemptive.

These are times that call for this courage in which there is no cleavage between theory and practice. In this courage of response the old world can die and the new one can be born.

Prayer: Eternal father, may we not only question, but, having found purpose and meaning through the grace given by thee in Christ, may we respond in obedient courage. Amen.

—WILLIAM B. GOULD

SEPTEMBER 24

Nothing brings me greater joy nowadays than hearing that "my children" are living "in the Truth."—3 John 4 (Phillips)

"I HAVE COME to see you because I am looking for life." With these words a frightened and bewildered man began his conversation with a noted psychiatrist. Strange words? Perhaps. But in moments of solitude, when we dare to face ourselves as we are, we too are looking for life. We have our fears, our anxieties, our insecurities; we have mere existence. But we do not have vibrant and wholesome life.

Where do we find life? Let us be quite clear that life is not found in allegiance to falsehood. To give ourselves to falsity is to base our existence on a hollow foundation which surely will crumble when the storms of life beset us. Life with significance and sense of direction can come only when we are *living in the truth,* as John expresses it.

"Living in the truth" to John means something more than belief in a series of abstract principles. It means the attempt to live each day in accordance with the law of love. It means that, in the midst of our frailties and failures, we rely moment by moment on the grace of God to transform us from what we now are to what he would have us become. To live in truth is nothing more or less than to live in Christ and to know that he lives in us.

Prayer: O Thou who art the source and giver of life, grant us thyself, that we who are dying might find life abundant and life eternal. Amen.

—JOHN BUCHANAN

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Cartoon By Charles M. Schulz

"Congratulations, Mom! You're the only mother I know who has a son who has studied his church-school lessons for seven years in advance!"

Q *I am a boy, 15. Last winter a mentally retarded boy moved to our block. He is big and awkward and doesn't have any friends. I feel sorry for him and have been trying to pal around with him. My friends say I shouldn't do this. They think I'm nuts. Are they right?—L.N.*

A No, they are not. You're rendering a fine Christian service. Keep it up!

Q *Why do parents and teachers always say they're right? I'm sick of grownups ordering me around. My parents are worse than my teachers. Isn't it possible that sometimes we're right and the grownups wrong?—J.K.*

A Of course. Probably most of the time the grownups are correct. They've had more experience and their judgment usually is more reliable. However, they can make mistakes, too.

Q *I was a 12th-grade student last year. I took a general psychology class. The teacher told us how many illegitimate babies are born each year. He said that many church kids do immoral things. He said some of the boys in our school are terrible offenders. Now I'm afraid to have a date. Are all boys immoral? Why can't Christian teen-agers act like Christians?—G.P.*

A It isn't easy to be a good Christian. Nearly all of us fall short of our ideals. However, you probably have an exaggerated picture of conditions. Your teacher should have concentrated on the field of psychology and avoided the scandalmongering. Probably there are as many Christian boys as there are Christian girls. You needn't suspect the motives of the nice boys you know. Talk with your minister and he'll help you understand.

Q *I'm only 12, but I'm taller than most girls of 14. I'd like to have a boy friend, but the kids in my class don't come up to my shoulder. Can you help me with my problem?—B.L.*

A Probably your mother was tall at your age, or your father. Get them to help you choose clothes which won't emphasize your height. The others will catch up with you soon. Have fun with all the kids, whether they're tall or short. Your height matters less to them than you think.

Q *I'm 19 and was engaged to a girl of 18. We broke up in March. We went back together again, but broke up a second time. She gave me back my ring and says she loves another boy. She has been dating him every night. I am sick with worry. My parents tell me to forget her. How can one forget the love of his life? I want to kill myself, but I know that would be foolish. What should I do?—R.H.*

A Millions have gone through the same ordeal and have charted the way to recovery. Don't stay home brooding. Keep active at church, in your clubs, and other groups. Take enough exercise each day to be tired and sleepy at night. Do your best to have fun with pleasant people. In a few weeks you'll feel better.

Q *I earned straight-A grades until last spring. Then I took the lead in the school play. I also served as class president. The result was that I got some Bs and one C. Should I continue the extra activities, even though it may mean more B's or C's? —B.R.*

A It depends partly on the college you plan to attend. Most of the better colleges take student activities into account in their admission procedures. In them your participation would be recognized as an asset. The B grades wouldn't hurt you, though

the Cs might. You must decide what is most important to you. Do you enjoy the activities? Do they fill a need in your life? Talk with your counselor and be guided by his advice.

Q *We are twin boys, 14. Our mother wants us to dress alike, act alike, and take the same courses in school. We object. We are not identical twins and are no more alike than other brothers. Shouldn't we be allowed to be different?—R.&J.C.*

A Your mother takes pride in your similarity and enjoys having you be twins. It is normal for her to resist change. However, you have the right to be different. You probably should be permitted to wear different clothes, take separate courses, and begin to be independent. Your school counselor has faced this problem with other twins. Talk with him. Perhaps he will be willing to discuss your requests with your parents.

Q *I am a girl, 16, and have been married 13 months. My husband is 18. He graduated just before our wedding. I want you to tell the kids who read* Teens Together *not to get married too soon! We had to move to another town, where my husband could get work. I've no friends here and am so lonely I could die. My neighbors all are older, and they don't approve of me. I'd give anything to be back in my high-school gang.—R.P.*

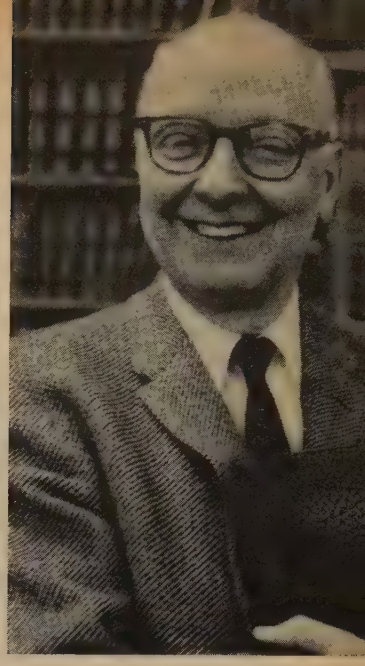
A I'm glad to print your warning. Also I suggest that you go to the Methodist church in your new town. Talk with the minister's wife. She'll help you make friends.

Q *My dad thinks he's the supreme ruler of everything. He gives me orders day and night. If I ask for reasons he gets mad and says the only reason I need is that he tells me to do it. Recently I asked if we could see a family counselor to solve some of our problems. He grabbed my shoulders and shook me until my head almost snapped off. I'm 14 and get As on my report cards. Mother says I'm a fine girl. Please, can you give me some suggestions?—N.B.*

A Understand why your father acts this way, then you may be able to help him. At 14 you feel independent and want grown-up freedom. Your dad remembers when you were a tod-

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



Is this a 'post-Christian' time?

I doubt it—if I understand what the term means. The Christian Gospel does not change because Jesus Christ is changeless (Hebrews 13:8), but Christianity changes with changing conditions.

There is a sense, however, in which Christianity is threatened by the tendency to think of the Christian heritage as something to be placed alongside the Buddhist heritage, the Hindu heritage, the Mohammedan heritage, the Jewish heritage, and many another. Only an adulterated Christianity could be at home there. No other faith is "just as good" as the faith of the true Christian.

What was John Wesley's religion?

His faith centered in a fresh, individual and original experience of God, uniquely different for each person.

He thought that this could best be achieved through frequent communion, regularity in prayer and study, and teaching and other useful services for others. That is, he was more pietistic and more ritualistic than most Methodists are today.

But anyone who confines his Wesleyanism to the Anglo-Catholic tradition in which Wesley found himself (and delighted to remain) neglects the class meetings, the bands, and cells which grew out of the Holy Club of Oxford. We are just now beginning to appreciate their value to Methodism.

How do we 'demythologize' the Bible?

This new word, most often associated with Rudolf Bultmann, a contemporary theologian, is descriptive of another effort to contemporize the Gospel. Myth, according to Bultmann, is "the use of imagery to express the otherworldly in terms of this world and the divine in terms of human life."

To be sure, the relationships between God and man can only be approximated in the story of a prodigal son or a good Samaritan, and the kingdom of God is only "like" the woman who hid the yeast in the meal, but there are essential truths here. And the danger is that, by trying to reinterpret the whole New Testament, we may miss the blessed fact that Jesus Christ was really the divine in terms of imperfect humans. If we miss that, we have missed everything.

Well known to Methodist leaders the world over, Bishop T. Otto Nall is episcopal head of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church. Americans also know him as the former editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

*Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency No. 718**

You Never Walk Alone

By
ROY L. SMITH

ERNEST SHACKLETON, the British Antarctic explorer, in describing a harrowing experience through which he and two companions passed, said, "All the time I had the feeling that there were four of us."

One of his companions, reading the story as the explorer published it in a London magazine, wrote him to say, "It may seem a little odd, but I had the same feeling. There *must* have been four of us!"

Christian literature is replete with the reports of those who, having found it necessary to walk in the midst of great danger, were perfectly sure an unseen presence walked by their side. The experience is not limited to ancient saints. It is a testimony given freely by many a humble man who has been intent on doing the will of God.

One of the fundamental principles of our Christian faith is that we do not walk alone. We have not been sent out as solitary sentinels. There is always one other with us!

This is the faith that has sustained lonely missionaries in dark and dreadful places. This is the faith that has held heroes to their tasks. This is the confidence that has gone into the pulpit with many a timid preacher, transforming him into a prophet of the Lord. This is the power that has made glorious the labors of many a humble Sunday-school teacher who never felt equal to her task. The righteous do not walk alone.

As a matter of fact, that "other one" always goes ahead and prepares the way. No man has ever been called by God to work in any field that was strange to God. He never calls any of us to assume a task he has not sized up before he assigns. And at the moment he makes the assignment he knows all the reasons why we cannot do it, but he also knows how he can help, and thus wrest victory out of defeat.

* *For an explanation, see our comments on page 5.*—EDS.

dler and adored him. He can't help but resent your new attitude. He could be helped by a counselor. If he is unwilling to see one, ask him to talk with one of your girl friends' fathers. Pick a man he knows and trusts. Avoid conflicts whenever possible. Eventually he will begin to appreciate you.

Q *I'm a girl of 15. Last Christmas I dated a boy. On New Year's Day, I got mad and told him never to see me again. Then I got lonesome and begged him to come back. We've been dating ever since. Now I'm mad at him again. My friends say I shouldn't stop seeing him because of the way I treated him before. Are they right? Am I stuck with him from now on?—H.B.*

A No, you aren't. It's better to date different boys. Try to break off tactfully this time. He still can be your friend, if not your steady.

Q *I'm a girl, 13, with a crush on a lifeguard at the beach. He's 19. Last June he taught me to swim. Now he hardly looks at me. He leaves soon for college. How can I live with him gone?—M.R.*

A Crushes create tough situations. Your feelings are intense, but you know they won't last. Keep telling yourself this boy is too old for you anyway. Take an active part in church and club affairs. If necessary, stay away from the beach. Talk with your mother about your feelings. She has lived through crushes, too, and can help you. You'll be very blue for a time, then you'll recover.

Q *I'm 17 and have been dating a nice boy of 18. His one trouble is that he stammers. Kids say people who stammer aren't normal. Is that right?—T.J.*

A No. Experts say stammering is caused by nervous tension, not abnormalities.

TEENS! *Don't let problems spoil your fun. Ask Dr. Barbour to help you—confidentially, of course—as he has helped many others. Write him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

Looks at New Books

Her glasses may be store-bought, but the art of making mukluks—the weather-resistant Eskimo footwear—is her own. From Peter Freuchen's Book of the Eskimos.

MUCH HAS been written about Israel as the Land of the Bible, but little has been said about the other lands of the Middle East—Arabia, Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, Turkey, and Iran, all just as surely Bible lands.

Bahija Lovejoy helps correct the omission in a book for young adults on ***Other Bible Lands*** (Abingdon, $3.95). Her concise, accurate text gains color from the fact that she was born in Mosul, Iraq, near the ancient city of Nineveh, and has traveled in all the countries she discusses.

A 16-page section of maps and charts, plus black and white drawings by Robert A. Jones, make this book a good addition to any home or church library.

If John Wesley hadn't been a preacher, I'm sure he could have made his fortune as a novelist. His diaries and letters were that lively. Or he could've been a successful political essayist, so pithy were his pamphlets on public questions of the day.

But preacher he was, and his remarkable talents for observation and expression found full range in his sermons.

Minnesota Area Bishop **T. Otto Nall** thus had no trouble finding examples when he chose to use the founder of Methodism's own writings to introduce him to the modern reader. ***By John Wesley*** (Association, 50¢, paper) transmits the heart of Wesley's beliefs irresistibly, and they're just as pertinent today as they were 200 years ago.

No man of our generation has known the Eskimos better than the indomitable Danish explorer **Peter Freuchen**, who lived with them off and on for two generations. Freuchen ate, sang, hunted, and traveled with the Eskimos and for 10 years was married to an Eskimo girl who bore him two children.

Now four years after his death in Alaska, we have ***Peter Freuchen's Book of the Eskimos*** (World, $7.50), a lively and exciting introduction to the mysterious people who live at the top of the world. For it we have to thank his second wife, Dagmar Freuchen, who edited it and wrote the introduction.

The book is a mirror of the man himself, immense in scope, exuberant in tone, filled with the love of life and adventure.

Born 30-odd years ago in Madras, India, educated in England and the U.S., and now the wife of an American, **Santha Rama Rau** is a rare blend of Indian heart and Western mind.

Gifts of Passage (Harper, $4.95) is her recollection of significant episodes in a life that has taken her to the far places of the earth. Her sensitive pen reveals a highly perceptive, informed, and witty observer as well as an accomplished storyteller.

There are times when I wonder if man hasn't tampered too casually with nature. Then the breathless sweep of a suspension bridge catches my eye, I drive through orchards that would be desert if it weren't for irrigation, or my gaze soars upward with the sweep of a skyscraper, and I realize that man has built nobly as well as blunderingly.

You'll find some of the finer efforts of architecture and engineering in **Carl W. Condit**'s liberally illustrated account of ***American Building Art: The Twentieth Century*** (Oxford, $15). Written for students and professionals in architecture and building, it's not too hard going for the interested layman, and I found it fascinating. It's a continuation of an earlier volume, *American Building Art: The Nineteenth Century,* by the same author.

The Wonderful World of Engineering (Doubleday, $2.95) is intended, according to the catalog, for young adults 10 and up. But after showing it to a few people of various ages who know nothing much about the field, I'm forced to conclude that it's not for the uninitiated.

Nevertheless, this is a big, beautifully illustrated book that dramatizes man's struggle to put the forces of nature to work for him in the fields of argriculture, building, communications, and power. The author is **David Jackson**, member of a firm of construction engineers.

Good books on art, generally, are too expensive for the home library. Not so a magnificently illustrated new ***Art of the World*** series (Crown) with volumes on the great cultures priced at $5.95 apiece.

Books on China, India, Indonesia, the Stone Age, and Africa have been published. Others being prepared will, ultimately, bring the series to encyclopedic proportions. Text material is authoritative and the printing is excellent, thanks to a combining of efforts by a number of publishers in America and Europe.

Concern creased the young pastor's brow. "The minister," he said, ". . . is a kind of ornament. People like ministers. They say nice things to them. They want them around, but at the same time they don't want them around."

As you read ***The New-Time Religion*** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), you may

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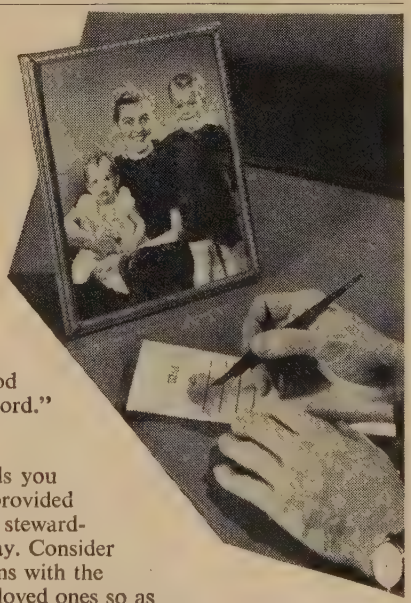

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conclude that the pastor could as easily have been talking about churches. **Claire Cox** draws upon her experience as a United Press International religion writer and interviews hundreds of lay people and clergymen of all faiths to probe whether the religious boom of the last three decades is a genuine revival or merely the result of conformity and superficial status-seeking. Some of her findings may shock you.

Many churchmen regard the growth as evidence of a 20th-century Reformation, but others say the increase in giving and membership has been accompanied by a decline in piety and Bible-reading. They fear that athletic programs, fancy meals, and baby-sitting services are attracting more members than the Gospel.

Miss Cox, covering a lot of ground in crisp newspaper style, sees reason for hope in the new emphasis on unity, in the earnestness of the new evangelism, and in the sincerity of efforts to confront and solve social issues. But her core question persists: Do membership statistics reflect a real renewal of interest and faith or only a picture of people going through the motions of religion?

You may not agree with all her conclusions, but her lively report on a subject of vital importance is almost certain to hold your interest to the end.

The voice over the telephone was desperate: "Where can I find help? . . . I can't go on this way much longer. . . . God help me!"

Then, says Rabbi **William B. Silverman**, there was a click and the voice was gone. He tried to trace the call—without success. But the cry stayed with him, and it was in answer to it that he wrote ***God Help Me!*** (Macmillan, $4.95). It's an excellent book that will help readers of all faiths.

Rabbi Silverman believes God can help each of us attain the potential of divinity within. But, he says, we must outgrow kindergarten concepts of Him, of prayer, and of immortality, if we are to reach a mature faith that will meet the needs of today.

In ***A Texan at Bay*** (McGraw-Hill, $4.50), **Paul Crume** tells the story of the native of the Lone-Star State who arrived in heaven to find all the singers off on one mission or another. Chagrined because nobody was around to sing Hallelujahs, he proposed to Saint Peter that they organize a choir of a thousand sopranos, a thousand tenors, and a thousand contraltos.

"I think I can furnish them," said Saint Peter, "but what about the bass?"

"Oh," replied the Texan, "I'll do the bass myself."

Crume is columnist for the *Dallas*

Morning News, tricky with tall tales and penetrating in his personal philosophies and comments on the social scene. His book is particularly moving when he describes his boyhood on the west Texas plains. Altogether a better-than-average effort by a columnist.

At the 1960 General Conference in Denver I was privileged to chat with **Sante Uberto Barbieri**, a tall, soft-spoken, extremely versatile man sometimes known as "the bishop in shirt sleeves." He not only is bishop of the Buenos Aires Area of The Methodist Church's Central Conference but has served as dean of theological seminaries in Brazil and Argentina and has written numerous magazine articles and more than 20 books in Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and English. He was born in Italy, but was converted to Protestantism after his parents moved to Brazil.

Now I've been reading his latest book, ***Land of Eldorado*** (Friendship Press, $2.95), which is the story of Protestantism down Latin America way. It's not an encouraging story, but it's an enlightening one.

Protestantism has met and is meeting many frustrations in South America, and has demonstrated a number of weaknesses which Bishop Barbieri discusses with candor and compassion. Because it is an authoritative, firsthand report, this 156-page volume is admirably suited for use by Methodist study groups. Argentina is one of Methodism's four great Lands of Decision for the 1960-64 quadrennium.

An article in TOGETHER's June issue, *Should We Have Sunday Closing Laws?* [page 30] reminded me of **Hiley H. Ward**'s excellent book, ***Space-Age Sunday*** (Macmillan, $3.95).

If you want to get deeper into the subject you should delve into this one. Religion editor of the *Detroit Free Press* and former staff member of the *Christian Advocate,* Ward has written an outspoken, absorbing examination of blue laws, controversies, cultural changes, and worship in the U.S.A. today.

Add to things Methodists have a right to be proud of: It was the original Methodist Social Creed, adopted in 1908, that became the basis of the Social Creed of the Federal Council of Churches (now the National Council).

This I learned from **A. Dudley Ward**'s easy-paced discussion in ***The Social Creed of The Methodist Church*** (Abingdon, $1.50 paper). Mr. Ward, who is associate general secretary of the Division of Human Relations and Economic Affairs of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, wrote this helpful and readable handbook to acquaint laymen, ministers, and students with various aspects of Methodist social beliefs.

A quarter of a century ago, **John Gunther**'s *Inside Europe* became one of the best-known books of modern times. Now, Gunther has returned to the continent to give us a totally new book, ***Inside Europe Today*** (Harper, $4.95), on the tremendous changes that have taken place since 1936.

There are two Germanys, not one. A belt of communist satellites rings Russia. France has a Fifth Republic and is at war in Algeria. NATO and the Common Market introduce new issues. The Atlantic Alliance is a fact, colonialism is dead, and new social problems are emerging everywhere. Above all, the U.S. is part and parcel of the new Europe and an American army guards the Rhine.

Since they live in the somber shadow of megaton bombs, one wonders why today's Europeans aren't more frightened than they are. One reason is optimism in a period of wealth, Gunther believes. People don't want to face painful facts. Another is nuclear stalemate. The world is sharply divided, but neither side dares attack the other.

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old-fashioned manner on a double-fold of rice paper, were smuggled out of Communist China. On the back of each page, barely legible, were penciled Chinese characters. They were the diary of a schoolteacher who refused to follow the communist line.

This ***Secret Diary From Red China*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95) now is in book form. It begins when the young teacher, called Ernest Liu to protect his identity, refuses to endorse a propaganda piece castigating the past rule of the landlords. He is promptly dismissed. Returning to his native village, he finds his home has been confiscated and that he is a penniless outcast.

Liu saw and reports the brutal upheaval that is changing China—the mass land redistribution, the forced labor brigades, the false accusations of family and friends, the jails, the starvation, the political corruption, the total misery of the country. The diary ends when he and his wife decide to flee to Hong Kong.

The diary came into the possession of S. T. Tung, who had escaped to America from mainland China. It took him five years to transcribe it.

Tension is the product of a mental and physical interaction caused by the almost continuous reactions to the wear and tear of life, according to neuropsychiatrist **Richard H. Hoffman** and science writer **A. W. Pezet**.

Exactly. And, feeling somewhat worn and torn myself occasionally, I read their book, ***The Conquest of Tension*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $3.95) hopefully.

It's a good blend of scientific competence and sound common sense, and it emphasizes the role of religious faith in emotional well-being. Has it helped me to relax? I frankly don't know, but I think I understand both myself and the people around me better.

You'll be shocked and repelled by ***The Purveyor*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $4.95), but you won't put it down. Here, told in intensely personal terms, is the story of illicit liquor—a business that didn't go out with Prohibition and now costs the government $1.5 billion in lost taxes every year.

John Starr tells it in the words of "Angelo Pavane," who started at the bottom of the "business" and learned it well.

Straight out of the reformatory, it didn't take Angelo long to learn the simple chemistry necessary for distilling alcohol and whisky. He learned, also, that the public quietly looks the other way when organized crime violates both federal and state liquor laws:

"In gangland, the business is sometimes called the 'pension deal,' because owning a piece of a still is so safe, so sure, and so financially comfortable that it amounts to a government pension. The chances of arrest for any but the lower echelon of workers are practically nonexistent. If arrested, the chances of imprisonment are one in five. The average sentence is less than a year. . . ."

The book is crammed with headline-making names, dates, and events, including revelations on gangland killings. It adds up to a bitter indictment of the bootlegging racket and the public that lets it live.

A poet can make the simplest words spin magic. Witness ***I Met a Man***, by **John Ciardi** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75), a delightful potpourri of verse that poses riddles, commits puns, and is full of subtleties that belie its essential simplicity.

Robert Osborn's illustrations display an equal respect for the young reader's taste and intelligence. This book may be over the head of many small fry, but if your youngster can be classed among the juvenile intelligentsia, it's for him.

Remember John Turner's impassioned plea in *God Roars in the Pines* [September, 1960, page 26]? Young people aren't content merely to live; they want something to live for.

The answers to some of youth's questions are found in ***The Lordship of Christ for Youth*** (Upper Room, 20¢). This 24-page booklet was written by **C. B. Callaway**, a successful businessman who felt the call to preach early in the 1940s. From the beginning of his ministry, he has been a leader and worker with youth.

What cookbooks does a food writer have on her desk? I dropped in on Sally Wesley [see *Feeding Fifty*, page 74] and found several non-standards in her collection that intrigued me.

The Hospitality Cookbook (Dutton, $3.95) is a collection of more than 500 favorite recipes from ministers' wives compiled by **Elizabeth Bonnell McCuaig**. Mrs. McCuaig is married to, and daughter of, a minister. Methodists are well represented.

The Bible Cookbook, by **Marian Maeve O'Brien** (Bethany, $3.95), contains a like number of recipes, but they combine today's foods and cooking techniques with traditional foods of the Bible.

Potluck Party Recipes, by **Thora Hegstad Campbell** (Rand McNally, $2.95), is—Sally tells me—one of the most used cookbooks in the office. Women staff members constantly pop in to get a new idea from it for home or for a potluck party.

The next book I picked up stopped me. ***Mud Pies and Other Recipes***, by **Marjorie Winslow** (Macmillan, $2.50), is an outdoor cookbook for dolls! Recipes, all tested by the author's

two daughters, include such delicacies as Tossed Leaves, Bark Sandwiches, and Daisy Dip. Illustrations by Erik Blegvad are as delightful as Mrs. Winslow's mock-serious writing.

Structures of Prejudice (Abingdon, $4.50) is not primarily about racial tensions. In fact, these form a small part of **Carlyle Marney**'s spirited discussion of materialism, provincialism, institutionalism, and individualism—which, he says, are the four faces of prejudice.

Dr. Marney, being human, is as prejudiced as the rest of us, and in tackling a titanic subject he's made some sweeping and inaccurate observations. Nevertheless, he presents a revealing picture of modern man in the "padded cell" of his own prejudices, and his comments on religion and the church deserve serious thought:

"Mature religion knows very well that its real enemy is bad religion."

"Many religions do more harm than good, and the harm that even good churches do is incalculable."

"The most viciously prejudiced people are the most fanatically loyal members of churches, lodges, and similar institutions."

I hasten to add that Dr. Marney is not antichurch—he's pastor of Myers Park Baptist Church in Charlotte, N.C. But he believes that all racial groups, all national groups, and all religious groups can come into fulfillment of higher values only through self-criticism.

His book is worth reading.

From one of those curious little book stalls on the quays of the Seine, French playwright **Jean Anouilh** bought a forgotten history of the Norman conquest of England.

He really didn't plan to read it; he "needed a spot of green" on his bookshelves and was attracted by the binding. All the same, he did skim through the book and happened on the story of Thomas à Becket, whom Henry II made Archbishop of Canterbury because he thought he could control him. When the king found that Becket put the church ahead of their friendship, he had him murdered.

"I had expected to find a saint—I am always a trifle distrustful of saints, as I am of great theater stars—and I found a man," Anouilh says. It is that man who came to life in Anouilh's play, *Becket,* which had a major triumph on Broadway last winter. This drama of a hot-blooded man of action who found he must assume the honor of God also "plays" resoundingly in the theater of the reader's mind, and ***Becket*** (Coward-McCann, $3 cloth, $1.50 paper) has a favored place in my library. It will bear many a rereading.

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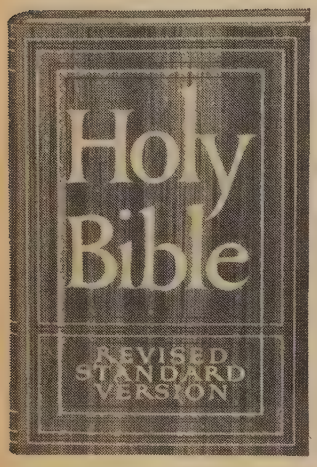

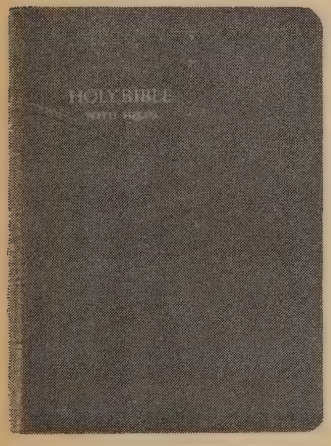

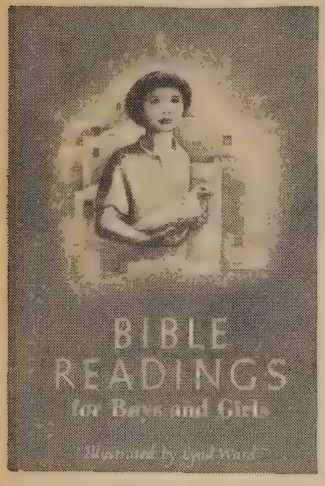

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Browsing in Fiction

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ONE OF THE major questions confronting a book reviewer is: "What is my proper role?" Should he endeavor to analyze every novel from the standpoint of literary standards? Or, should he simply tell what he likes and what he doesn't like? Should he record reactions, and to what extent should his own enthusiasms and prejudices enter into his written judgments?

I lean toward rather personal criticism. This is due partly to my lack of status as a literary critic. There are too many technical things in this field of which I am ignorant. But in any case, I prefer a point of view, even when I disagree with it. So long as a man doesn't confuse his personal reactions with divine laws, I welcome sharp and direct discussion. I take it from the letters I receive that most of you are willing to go along on this basis. Sometimes *Browsing* is out of step with the opinions of literary authorities. All it ever claims to be is one man's likes and dislikes with an attempt to state a few reasons. I would not want this to go any farther, but there are times when some very wonderful people think differently.

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY, by Irving Stone (*Doubleday, $5.95*).

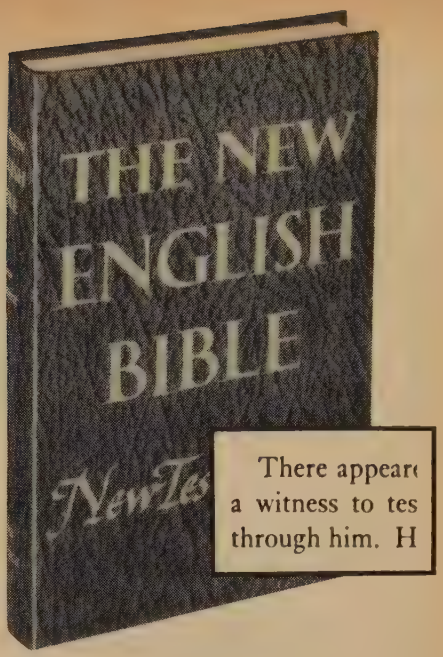
This is a fictionalized life of Michelangelo from the pen of one who has established a fine reputation in the field. Irving Stone does not write poor books, and I have yet to find anything he has done that is not worth any man's serious attention. Here he has a great subject who lived in a most exciting period. My wife and I traveled in Italy last autumn, and it was a particular pleasure to read about some of the happenings in those towns in the 16th century. Long hours of research shine through this novel, and in the few areas where I have some historical knowledge, the author stayed very close to the facts. I do think the book is too long. If it had been reduced in size by one fourth to one third, it would have been improved. But perhaps I lack patience! Did not Shakespeare say: "How poor are they that have not patience!"?

THE LAST OF THE JUST, by Andre Schwarz-Bart (*Athenium, $4.95*).

There is a Jewish legend that there is always one just man who bears the sufferings and guilt of the world, making life possible for the rest of us. The Levys were a family that produced such just men, and this book is the story of their healing ministry. It is, of course, especially the story of the last of a line which ended in a gas oven in Nazi Germany. The book has tremendous power, and there are passages which will bring tears to the eyes of the most sophisticated. I can hardly bear to think of how Jewish children were treated after Hitler came to power. This is not a pleasant book, but I have the feeling it is dealing with something we have no right to forget. In recent years I have felt a growing apprehension that no people is free from the possibility of committing such horrors. I don't know why anybody has difficulty with the doctrine of original sin; it seems so clear to me that only God can save us that I wonder how anyone can persist in his humanistic faith. This generation needs to be redeemed from its fascination with useless killing and learn again the meaning of suffering that is redemptive. I would prescribe this book as a first step in our salvation.

A JOURNEY TO MATECUMBE, by Robert Lewis Taylor (*McGraw-Hill, $5.95*).

If you should read *The Last of the Just* you will need a change of pace and this is it. I read Taylor's *The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters* and raved about it for days. Here was another Mark Twain with another immortal story about a boy. Well, this is another one of those stories, and it is in the same category. There are all kinds of adventure, and when the whole thing is looked at through the eyes of a 13-year-old boy, the world becomes new again. It takes us from a Southern plantation into the Florida Keys. It has everything from kidnaping to hurricanes. If I only sketched the plot, you would not believe it. This book will please anyone who was ever young and adventurous.



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Seventeen GRANDMOTHERS

By GINA BELL-ZANO

JODY JIGGLED the marbles in his pocket. Then he jumped on his bicycle and rode off to find his friends.

Georgie Smith was sitting on the front steps of his house. He was all clean and shining and wearing his good jacket.

"Why are you wearing your Sunday clothes in the middle of the week?" asked Jody, getting off his bicycle and sitting down on the steps.

"I'm going out," said Georgie.

"I'm looking for someone to be my grandmother," Jody told the lady. "I don't have any, you see, so today I thought I'd sort of adopt one."

"Oh," said Jody. "I was thinking we could have a few games of marbles."

"Not today," said Georgie. "We're going over to my grandmother's for dinner. My grandmother makes the best apple pie in the world."

"You're always going to your grandmother's," said Jody. "I never saw such a fellow for always going to his grandmother's."

"I like it there," said Georgie.

"My grandmother always makes a big fuss over me, and sometimes she bakes a special little pie just for me. And she tells me about when my dad was a little boy. I like it there."

"Well, have fun," said Jody. "I'll go over to Bob's." He got on his bicycle again.

"He can't play today, either," Georgie called. "His grandmother's coming over to his house."

"Oh, you fellows and your grandmothers," said Jody. "Well, I'll see you around."

Jody rode slowly down the street. He was thinking about grandmothers. Almost everybody he knew had a grandmother. Some of his friends had two! But he didn't even have one.

"It must be nice to have a grandmother," thought Jody. A grandmother usually had time to bake or knit or tell stories. A grandmother, somehow, made a fellow seem very important.

Jody sighed. None of his friends seemed to be around, and there was no place he wanted to go especially —except maybe to a grandmother's house for apple pie.

Then he saw the building. It was a low, white building with a big porch. At the top of the building was a sign which said: HOME FOR THE AGED. And there on the front porch, in rocking chairs, were several elderly ladies, all just about the age for grandmothers.

Jody rode back and forth a few times in front of the building. Then he leaned his bicycle against the fence and went up the steps to the porch.

The ladies all looked up. One of them smiled at him. She looked almost exactly like Georgie's grandmother. "Good day," she said, nodding and smiling. "What can we do for you, young man?"

"Hello," said Jody, politely. "I'm, er, I'm looking for a grandmother."

"Oh," said the smiling, old lady. "I'll get her for you. What's her name, dear?"

"You don't understand," said Jody. "I'm looking for someone to be my grandmother. I don't have any, you see, so today I thought I'd sort of adopt one."

"Isn't that nice?" said the lady. "And I don't have a grandson. I'd like one." She offered him a chair.

Some of the other ladies stopped rocking.

"Melissa Dewberry," one of them said sharply. "How do you know I wouldn't like a grandson, too? I'd be a good grandmother for you, young man. I can bake wonderful pies. Melissa Dewberry, here, can't bake anything at all."

"Apple pies?" asked Jody.

"The best in the world," said the second old lady.

Then another lady spoke up in a soft little voice. "I would make a good grandmother myself," she said. "I would like a grandson just like you. And I am a very good knitter. I'd like to have a grandson to knit things for."

Still another white-haired lady came out on the porch. "I heard all that talk," she said. "You ladies forget about me. I've had grandsons, but they all grew up. I could use a small grandson, all right. I'll be your grandmother, dear. You'll love to hear my stories. I was raised on a ranch in Oklahoma. I knew the West as it really was."

"Oh," said Jody. "I'd like to hear about that." He looked around him. Any one of the ladies would be a perfect grandmother for him. But which one should he choose?

Suddenly, Mrs. Dewberry said, "Well, young man? Have you decided? You'd like me, wouldn't you?"

"Give the boy a little time," said the lady who knitted. "Maybe he'd rather have me."

"I think he'd be better off with a baking grandmother. Boys love homemade pies," said the baking lady.

"Nonsense," said the fourth old lady. "Any boy likes to hear stories about the Old West."

"I just can't make up my mind," said Jody.

Suddenly, he snapped his fingers. "I know! I'll adopt all of you!"

The ladies were all very quiet. Then the first old lady, the one who looked like Georgie's grandmother, said, "That's a fine idea, young man. If one grandmother is good, a lot of grandmothers are better. And you shall have pies and sweaters and stories, all you want. You'll be rich in grandmothers."

They all gathered around Jody. He kissed each lady on the cheek. Each grandmother, that is.

Then he sat down in a rocking chair and smiled. More and more ladies came out on the porch, and Jody adopted them, too.

So that is how Jody who didn't have a grandmother to his name wound up with 17 of them. More than any other boy in his town. Probably more than any other boy in the world for that matter. And Jody loved every one of them!

Two Special People

My grandma is made with
A soft, double chin
And gentle, kind eyes
That twinkle, "Come in!
And have a fresh cooky
Or possibly two—
I baked them this morning
For someone like you!"

My grandpa is made with
A whiskery chin
And sparkly fun eyes
That twinkle, "Come in!
I'll tell you a story
Or possibly two—
I saved them for telling
To someone like you!"

—RUTH ADAMS MURRAY

Each Day

Each day I've played
Beneath the sun
With time to think
And jump and run,
Dear God, my heart
Has filled with cheer
To know that summer
Comes each year!

—R. RAMSEY

Terry Turner, Ohio University, typifies hundreds of Methodist coeds serving others through Kappa Phi.

Meet Terry Turner and...

EVEN BEFORE she arrived at Ohio University's hilly campus in Athens, Ohio, Terry Turner had heard that OU had a large and active local chapter of Kappa Phi, the national service club for Methodist college women. But when she was invited to a Kappa Phi "contact party" during her first week at the school, she wasn't sure what to expect. "Probably a lot of socializing and a little prayer," she thought skeptically.

That was four years ago. Now Terry smiles when she recalls that first contact with Kappa Phi. "It wasn't what I expected at all," she says. "Oh, we did sit around munching cookies, sipping punch, and talking, but I also found out a lot about the club. For the first time, I began to feel as though I belonged—as if someone really cared about my being at school."

To Terry, fresh out of tiny New Plymouth in southeastern Ohio, the Athens campus was a big, busy, sometimes bewildering place. Nearly 8,000 students swirled about her, and most of them seemed to have a purposefulness and confidence which she lacked.

"Many of my friends were joining sororities," she recalls, "but I felt that I wanted something more meaningful, without quite knowing what. I wanted God to be a big part of my life."

Looking back across her college years, Terry is certain that Kappa Phi rewarded her search for a sense of direction and usefulness. "In trying to live up to its standards," she says, "I learned that by practicing sincere Christian fellowship we can alter and enhance our entire relationship with God and all the people around us."

Founded in 1916 at the University of Kansas, Kappa Phi has chapters on 36 college and university campuses. All Methodist-preference coeds are invited to help realize the Kappa Phi goal: "Every Methodist woman in the university world of today a leader in the church of tomorrow."

Although it was Kappa Phi friendliness which initially attracted her and helped her through those first few weeks away from home, Terry gradually was drawn deeper into club activities.

As a pledge, she was assigned to a "big sister" who took her to church, introduced her to other students, and helped her improve study habits. Soon she was a full member, joining in all Kappa Phi activities as well as singing in three choirs and taking part in campus Wesley Foundation projects.

Each Thursday evening, club members met to plan their activities and to worship together. They were encouraged to write original skits, poetry, music, and devotions for the monthly program meetings, and each girl had an opportunity to lead discussions of church teachings and Christianity's role in the world.

"Sometimes," Terry says, "society tends to forget a part of itself, but Kappa Phi kept nudging our consciences."

Weekly visits to the Athens County Children's Home and the Athens State Hospital were activities in which all members were encouraged to participate. They would

Of her initiation, Terry says ". . . that candle—my own glowing light combined with all the others in the church—symbolized the spirit and held it for me to see. I knew I must let the light burn within me so that others might find Christ, too."

Her Kappa Phi Sisters

Discussion circles, singing, and worship are part of weekly Kappa Phi meetings in Athens' First Methodist Church.

Helping hands: Terry and her Kappa Phi sisters lead recreation at a nearby children's home. As a club project every Christmas, the girls collect and make toys for the youngsters.

play games with the children, chat with the mental patients, and entertain with skits and songs. At Christmas time, they collected and made gifts for children in both institutions—an annual chapter project.

When the Ohio U. chapter lacked funds to send delegates to the national Kappa Phi meeting in California, members took baby-sitting jobs and donated their earnings to a convention fund.

"Gradually," says Terry, "our attitude toward giving up time to help others changed. We began to follow a more consciously Christian way of life."

Still, last year many of the Kappa Phis felt that something was missing. So, Terry recalls, a meeting was called, and Kappa Phi was put on trial. Study groups were formed and recommendations made. The result was a renewed dedication to the ideals of Christian service and living.

In addition to attending weekly meetings, choir rehearsals, and the two hours daily for practicing voice and organ, Terry—an honor student—found time to visit a paraplegic student whose wheel chair was pushed around the campus by Terry's Kappa Phi sisters.

"I'm a little sad about leaving all that behind," she admits, "but I'm happy to be taking my place in a larger world. After experiencing the joy and satisfaction of helping others, I don't think I could ever again stand idly by when the opportunity exists to help others find the spirit of Christ and the church."

To introduce pledges to regular members, skits such as this one—called The Gathering of the Nuts—*pantomime incidents from a girl's life.*

'erry, who was graduated in June and will begin teaching ocal music this fall in the Logan, Ohio, schools, takes a long look t familiar college scenes—including Athens' First Methodist Church.

Hats Off to Our Ohio U Co-Editors!

WHEN Anna Marie King, then an Ohio University student, wrote two years ago to suggest that TOGETHER do a story on Kappa Phi, one of our editors had an inspiration: Why not let OU journalism students help? A firsthand report would be best—and they were on the scene and would benefit from the experience.

Dr. L. J. Hortin, director of the OU school of journalism, welcomed the idea enthusiastically. So did professors Russell Baird and Richard Gentry, who teach classes in magazine writing. Soon student reporters were trailing self-conscious Kappa Phis around the campus, firing questions and taking notes. Charles Kolb, a graduate student specializing in photography, unlimbered his camera and began clicking his way through many rolls of film.

On these pages you see the results—professional-quality work from OU's budding journalists. Now the job is done, we're returning the manuscripts, photos, and research materials to Dr. Hortin for use as a case history of the birth and growth of a magazine article. With them go our special thanks to the OU faculty, Miss King, cameraman Kolb, reporter-writers Dave Dantzer, Nan Dunn, and Judy Malinzak —and, of course, Terry Turner and her Kappa Phi sisters. All have helped assemble one of the reader-participation features which we like to think give TOGETHER a special warmth and flavor.—YOUR EDITORS.

Young man on the go: Chuck Kolb shot all our photos.

NEWS of the world parish

RACE, WORLD ISSUES HIGHLIGHT CONFERENCES

Voting on Amendment XII [see top of third column, this page] and invitations to Central Jurisdiction [Negro] conferences to merge with white jurisdictions highlight recent actions by Methodist annual conferences.

Conferences which extended invitations to Central Jurisdiction conferences are North Texas, Southwest Texas, New England, New England Southern, Kansas, Northwest Indiana, Newark, Louisville, New Hampshire, Pittsburgh, Peninsula, New York, and Northern New York.

The Southwest Missouri, St. Louis, and Missouri Conferences dissolved to form two new conferences—Missouri East and Missouri West, which then approved a $1.7 million fund-raising campaign for Saint Paul School of Theology-Methodist, Kansas City, Mo. The Kansas Conference will conduct a $700,000 campaign for the new school.

An end to racial discrimination in the use of all facilities at the Lake Junaluska assembly grounds "at the earliest date" was urged by the Western North Carolina Conference.

Other actions include:

Northwest Indiana—Reported three Evangelical United Brethren churches are merging with Indiana Methodist churches.

South Georgia—Recommended formation of small interracial discussion groups in local communities to confer "on matters of common interest" and encouraged citizens to oppose any federal or state aid to parochial or private schools.

New England Southern—Supported Freedom Rider tests of segregation in the South if they "are motivated by Christian concern" and endorsed the "humanitarian response" to Castro's offer to exchange prisoners for tractors, despite the "element of blackmail."

Newark—Authorized the sending of invitations to officials of the United Presbyterian, Protesant Episcopal, and the United Church of Christ churches to attend its 1962 annual sessions with a view toward merger.

Delaware (Central Jurisdiction)—Approved proposal to transfer its churches to the Northeastern Jurisdiction and praised Freedom Riders, U.S. Supreme Court, President Kennedy, and U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy concerning integration.

Southern Illinois—Endorsed efforts of state-wide committee on freedom of residence to secure equality through legislation insuring open occupancy for all people in all communities.

Northwest Texas—Requested National Council of Churches to submit all pronouncements to local churches before presenting them as the will of member churches.

Oregon—Emphasized the "essential" nature of disarmament, the abolition of the death penalty in the state, and the elimination of attitudes producing racial discrimination.

West Virginia—Renewed emphasis to eliminate segregation in its congregations.

Maine—Voted support to all who are seeking non-segregated housing and recreation for Jews, Negroes, and Indians.

New York East—Asked the Methodist Board of Education's Division of Higher Education to deny financial support to, and the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges to withhold accreditation from, Methodist-related colleges not racially integrated.

New Hampshire—Reaffirmed support of UN with special reference to leadership of Dag Hammarsköld.

Peninsula—Called on eating establishments in Wilmington, Del., to serve all persons regardless of race.

Wyoming—Asked that wherever the film *Operation Abolition* is shown that there be an informed speaker to interpret it.

Northern New York—Resolved to oppose John Birch Society with moral and spiritual influence.

AMENDMENT XII VOTING

With 107 of 142 annual conferences reporting, the vote on Amendment XII at press time was:

FOR 15,765
AGAINST 8,396

Passage of the amendment—which requires a two thirds majority vote—would increase the number of General Conference delegates to a minimum of 900 but not more than 1,400, and require the jurisdictional conferences to meet either during the 60 days prior to, or at the time and place of, the General Conference. Annual conferences eligible to vote include overseas conferences.

NCC Supports Question 7

The first approval for all-out support of a film at the box office was given the Lutheran-produced movie, *Question 7*, by the general board of the National Council of Churches at its semiannual session in Chicago, Ill.

It will be commended to the churches by the NCC broadcasting and film commission, which also will suggest that local theaters be approached about

During anti-American riots in war-torn Angola, Portuguese whites attacked and almost destroyed this Methodist social center and clinic in Luanda. In four months of civil war between Africans and Portuguese, 17 Methodist pastors, all Africans, have been killed. (*For a late report on Angola see* Newsletter, *page 11.*)

howing it. It is to be released for ation-wide commercial showings this all.

Professionally produced, *Question 7* hows communist persecution in a small ast German Town. The film depicts Protestant minister and his son meet- ng the challenges of communism.

Dr. Ewing T. Wayland, editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, after viewing the lm, said, "*Question 7* awakens new esires for greater commitment to the hristian faith."

"The viewer is drawn deeply into the onflict," he added, "and is impressed hat what is depicted could happen any- here the communists take over."

American Heads Irish Church

Dr. Charles W. Ranson of New ork, general director of the Interna- ional Missionary Council's theological ducation fund, has been installed as resident of the Methodist Church in reland.

He is the first head of the Irish Methodist Church whose ministry has een exercised entirely outside the coun- y, but he was born and ordained in reland. The Rev Robert W. McVeigh f Belfast was Dr. Ranson's predecessor.

Dr. Ranson will continue as director f the IMC fund, which is used to dvance theological education in Asia, frica, and Latin America.

Methodist Chides Congress

Rep. Marguerite Stitt Church (R.- ll.), a Methodist, chided her fellow awmakers for preoccupation with de- ails rather than direction.

During a recent poorly attended de- ate in the U.S. House of Representa- ives over a bill to appropriate $751 million for five federal agencies, Rep. Church said she was "stirred to voice ny own fears, my concern, and my onviction that we need to dedicate ourselves today to something more than discussion of dollars and agencies."

She said that people want to "know hat the ideals and principles in which hey believe . . . are the just concern of he Congress . . ."

The bill received both an increased earing and warmer debate before it was approved as it came from commit- ee.

General Funds Show Increase

Receipts for The Methodist Church's general benevolence and administrative funds during the 1960-61 fiscal year totaled $30,052,232.76—a $5.5-million increase over 1959-60.

Dr. Don A. Cooke, general secretary and treasurer of the Methodist Coun- cil on World Service and Finance, re- ported the 22.44 per cent gain. He pointed out that two emergency appeals were included in the total. Offerings for Chilean and Pacific Basin Relief

Name Your Hobby

AFRICAN ARTIFACTS: Olayinka Animashawun, 1 Ojo St., Lagos, Nigeria; Godwin Williams, 99 Ibadan St., E, Ebute-Metta, Lagos, Nigeria.

AMATEUR RADIO: George W. Adkins, WPE3IF, Little Manor Ct., R. 50, Ocean City, Md.

APRONS: Mrs. W. Colver, 1223 W. Main St., Galesburg, Ill. (cross-stitch).

BOOKMARKS: Mrs. Herbert Spielman, Market St., Petersburg, Ohio.

BOOKS: Rev. A. Otis Beach, 504 Pacific, Osawatomie, Kans. (*Reader's Digest*, 1922; Methodist *Discipline* prior to 1880).

BUTTONS: Mrs. Bernice Y. Byers, 253 E. Centennial St., Nappanee, Ind. (antique & realistic); Mrs. Fred Jansen, 1025 S. Clay St., Green Bay, Wis.

CIVIL-WAR MEMENTOS: Mrs. W. A. Freeman, 442 N. Main St., Lawrenceburg, Ky.

COINS: Donald L. Spude, 717 W. Elm St., R. 4, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.; Roger Ryall, 7749 South Dr., Melbourne, Fla. (Indian head pennies).

DOLLS: Mrs. Charles Butke, 9541 Fleck Rd., Peach Grove, Cincinnati 39, Ohio (pixies made of nuts, seed pods, and pipe cleaners); Patricia J. Frist, 337 S. 6th, Clinton, Ind.; Diana Keyser, 534 Dittman St., Mishawaka, Ind. (miniatures).

FOSSILS: James P. McCollom, 2118 Hart Ave., Dodge City, Kans.

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Robert J. Keyser, 534 Dittman St., Mishawaka, Ind. (Keyser, Butler, Wagner, Luce); Mrs. Ross E. Gibson, Box 272, Apalachin, N.Y. (Ensworth, Jennings); Mrs. Marcus A. Williams, 36 Nacional St., Salinas, Calif. (Chamberlain, Dunshee, Mortman, Van Nest, Covert, Wilmot, Erwin, Buckner, Swift); Mrs. Alden V. Vance, RFD 3, St. Johnsbury, Vt. (Dawson, Boland, Reilly, Hickey); Mrs. Arlin H. Eddington, 4637 Del Mar Ave., San Diego 7, Calif. (Boufflers, Brady, Craddock, Drew, Jennings, Littleton, Miller, Robertson, Snyder, Soare, Uncel, Wilkinson, Young); L. P. Fairchild, R. 1, Monroeton, Pa. (Fairchild, Myer, Walter).

Mrs. James B. Thornburg, 304 S. Cedar St., Aledo, Ill. (Vance, Robertson, Daymude, Moore); Mrs. William M. Wright, Sr., 4 Retting Pl., Brattleboro, Vt. (Smith, Cummings, Wright, Graves, Ober, Tuttle, Martin, Newell); Mrs. Lewis Israel, R. 1, Box 85, Candler, N.C. (Davison, Israel, Pickerd, Peckrill, Peckerelle, Carnahan, McCoy); Mrs. O. W. Magee, Box 139, Hot Springs, S.Dak. (Sweem, Swim, Winans, Winings, McCleary, Trumbull, Prior, Hubbard); Mrs. Mildred Dare, 100 W. Ave. F, Robstown, Tex. (King, Campbell, Perdue, Rinehart, Haynes, Lott, Wilcher, Jordon, Evans); Mrs. Millard L. Carr, R. 2, Freeburg, Ill. (Carr, Phillips, Shook).

GLASS: David A. Mason, 914 North St., Martinsburg, W.Va. (antique American engraved).

GREETING CARDS: Mrs. Elida Gubin, 323 Packard St., Ann Arbor, Mich. (pictures of post offices).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Mrs. Jewel Williams, 3315 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles 11, Calif. (for nurses' uniforms); Lillian Freeman, 308 Blunt St., Clay Center, Kans.; Mrs. Irene Gray, 25 NW 160 St., Miami 69, Fla. (state maps).

HORTICULTURE: Mrs. C. R. Pilgeram, Rocky Boy's Sub-Agency, Box Elder, Mont. (wild flowers: uses and legends).

INDIAN LORE: Janice Arbaugh, Box 437, Charlton Heights, W.Va. (and history: American).

INDIAN RELICS: Norman Van Dyke, 223 E. North St., Dwight, Ill.

KNITTING: Jeanette Richardson, Orini Rd., RD 2, Taupiri, Waikato, N.Z. (and crocheting).

METALCRAFT PAINTING: Ethel M. Scribner, 94 Scribner Rd., Wilton, Conn. (with oil colors).

NEWSPAPERS: Charles Pankratz, 2262 Cabrilla Ave., Santa Clara, Calif.

PENCILS: Robert H. Meyer, RFD 3, Fairmont, Minn. (and pens); Adrien Swenson, 325 Frederick St., Clay Center, Kans. (advertising).

PENNANTS: Esther Rancier, 1904 W. 149th St., Gardena, Calif.; Dianne Orr, Sidney, Iowa.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Fab. Festus, 4 Williams St., Lagos, Nigeria.

POETRY: Mrs. Roland Braun, Washburn, Ill. (writing); Ernest Evans, 5620 Matilija Ave., Van Nuys, Calif. (Shakespeare pattern).

POST CARDS: Craig Hansmeier, 243 Cardinal Dr., Waterloo, Iowa (picture); Carolyn Thomas, RD 1, Box 49, Ovid, N.Y.; Linda Kerns, RD 1, Box 5, Ovid, N.Y.; Mrs. Enid Gilman, Main St., Plaistow, N.H. (covered bridges); Mrs. Erald Hanscom, North Hyde Park, Vt. (covered bridges); Mrs. Mary Nichols, RFD 2, Box 402, Manchester, Conn. (old water-wheel mills, covered bridges); Velva Ball, Box 3052, East Beckley Station, Beckley, W.Va. (picture); Martha Dodd, 604 E. College, Jacksonville, Ill. (churches); Lenore Johnson, 1201 N. North St., Apt. 2, Peoria, Ill. (California); Diana Absher, 141½ S. Irwin Ave,. Green Bay, Wis. (buildings); Mrs. S. Masumoto, 212 E. Kawailani St., Hilo, Hawaii (especially of state capitols and historic sights).

RECIPES: Mrs. Louie M. Dorum, 134 Church St., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; Mrs. Gladys A. Foster, Wenona, Ill.

ROCKS & MINERALS: Mrs. Marc D. Way, Hockessin, Del.; Bill Keyser, 534 Dittman St., Mishawaka, Ind.; Mac Klingler, Donnellson, Iowa.

SEA SHELLS: Ruth A. Gribbin, RR 1, Converse, Ind. (and sea-shell items).

SHARK TEETH: James P. McCollom, 2118 Hart Ave., Dodge City, Kans. (and tooth fossils).

TAPE RECORDING: Lawrence H. Dennison, 9 Maple St., Pittston, Pa.; R. Robert Cravens, Jr., 2319 Grant Ave., El Paso, Tex.; George W. Adkins, Box 219, Berlin, Md.

TREES: Mrs. Minnie F. Gardner, RFD 4, McKenzie, Tenn. (gives away saplings).

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Susi Carter (13), Roseville, Ohio; Karin Ullrich (17), Dr. Brinitzer Str. 4a, Zittau/Sa., Germany-DDR; Steven Fey (11), 117 Clinton Ave., Tiffin, Ohio; Joe (10) and Tom (9) Osborne, 930 Aurora Ave., Tacoma, Wash.; Tomiko Ito (17), 190 Sakura-Ga-Oka, Hodogayaku, Yokohama City, Japan; Sandra Crabtree (15), 564 E. College St., Pulaski, Tenn.; Laddie Novey (17), Box 508, Safford, Ariz.; Sue Martin (15), 600 55th St., Sacramento 19, Calif.; Ernest Mpamugo (14), 20 Ogunjobi St., Ikorodu Rd., Yaba, Lagos, Nigeria; Judy Kunstel (11), 147 Oregon St., Johnstown, Ohio; Maryann Duncan (13), Box 213, Metlakatla, Alaska; Susan Turkson (13), c/o Robert Ansah, Methodist Middle School, Box 8, Apowa, Ghana.

South Zanesville, Ohio: Teresa Carder (12), 72 Edmondson St.; Carol Beegle (13), 105 Jones St.; Holly Graham (13), 25 E. Main St.; Starla Harris (12), 70 E. Williams St.; Joan Randolph (13), 40 Hickory St., Sue Zellar (13), 44 Hickory St.; Sue Rose (13), 40 S. Pembroke Ave.; Tim Young (12), 102 Jones St.; Dan Miller (12), 107 S. Pembroke Ave.; Sandra J. Fox (12), 70 S. Pembroke Ave.; Sheila Curtis (14), R. 7, Box 85; Randy Kirkbride (12), Box 101, Jones St.

Zanesville, Ohio: Jim MacLean (13), 2 Pinkerton Lane; Jim Todd (13), 1414 National Way; Bob Wilson (12), Owens Hill, Box 350; Gloria Greten (13), 1311 S. Westwood Dr.; Edward Metz (12), 368 Owens Hill; John Perine (13), Ridge Rd., R. 2.

totaled $885,661.73. The Bishop's Appeal for Africa, launched April 30, has passed the $1-million mark, he said.

Receipts for all funds during May amounted to $7,238,667.02, which church officials believe to be a record for one month's receipts in general funds.

Dr. Cooke called attention to the larger apportionments voted by the 1960 General Conference for the current quadrennium (1960-64). As an example, he pointed out that during the 1956-60 quadrennium the annual budgeted amount for World Service, the church's largest and most basic benevolence fund, was $12.2 million. This amount was increased by vote of the 1960 General Conference to $15 million. Receipts for World Service for the year just ended totaled $14,275,373.92, falling short of the increased goal but registering a significant gain of 19.78 per cent over last year's receipts of $11,918,350.75.

Church Aids African College

The Division of World Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions is helping to finance a $150,000 expansion program at the College of West Africa, a major Methodist institution in Monrovia, Liberia.

Half of the total cost is being raised by Methodist churches, a spokesman said, and the remaining $75,000 will be given by the Liberian government.

$3 Million Project Begins

Ground has been broken in Alexandria, Va., for a $3 million Hermitage of Northern Virginia, a branch of the Virginia (Methodist) Conference Home for the Aged.

An eight-story home for 219 guests and a clinic for 100 patients are included in the project.

The home, being built on a seven-acre site donated by B. M. Smith, Arlington (Va.) layman, is scheduled to open in mid-1962. Dr. Bernard S. Via is administrator.

More Schools Get Loans

Loans for building dormitories, dining facilities, and infirmaries have been granted to five more Methodist-related schools by the U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency. They are:

Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va. ($380,000); Ohio Northern Univer-

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

SEPTEMBER

3—Labor Sunday.
7-21—National Training Sessions for Church-Camp Leaders, Bradford Woods, Martinsville, Ind.
8-10—Regional Young Adult Workshop on Churchmanship, Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.
12-14—Southeastern Regional Briefing Conference on Christian Social Concerns, Lake Junalaska, N.C.
13—Annual meeting Methodist Board of Pensions, Chicago, Ill.
19-21—Western Regional Briefing Conference on Christian Social Concerns, Salt Lake City, Utah.
24-October 1—Christian Education Week.
26-27—Council on World Service and Finance, Chicago, Ill.
26-28—North Central Regional Briefing Conference on Christian Social Concerns, Minneapolis, Minn.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General program—*The Spirit Is Lord*, by Dr. Eugene Smith; Circle program—Conditions of *a Contemporary Pentecost*, by Dr. Eugene Smith.

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Tennessee Ernie Ford, television and recording star, returned to Anderson Street Methodist Church, Bristol, Tenn. (his former church), to record his latest album. He was assisted by a choir of 34 "kinfolks" in making the Comin' Home *album. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Ford, live in Bristol.*

ty, Ada, Ohio ($600,000); Adrian College, Adrian, Mich. ($300,000); Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Nebr. ($400,000); and Lycoming College, Williamsport, Pa. ($1.4 million). For a pro-and-con discussion of such gifts, see *Should Church-Related Colleges Accept Federal Support?* April, page 34.]

32 Begin Missionary Service

This fall and winter, 32 young men and women will leave the United States to begin three years of special-term Methodist-missionary service on four continents. They will bring to almost 300 the number of persons who have served in 29 countries under the special-term program in the 14 years since it was started in 1948.

The "3s," as the special-term missionaries are called, have spent six weeks in intensive training at the interdenominational missionary training center at Stony Point, N.Y.

Like the 3s of previous years, the 1961 group will do a variety of missionary tasks in 14 countries of Asia, Africa, and North and South America.

The group includes 20 women and 12 men. The women will serve under the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Board of Missions. The men will serve under the Board's Division of World Missions.

Methodist Union More Probable Than Mergers

Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, Des Moines, Iowa, chairman of the Methodist Commission on Ecumenical Consultation, told the commission that The Methodist Church is more likely to concentrate on union with other Methodist bodies in the U.S. rather than begin merger negotiations with other Protestant groups.

In the Dallas, Tex., meeting of the commission, Bishop Ensley said that since Methodists already are part of the large national and international Methodist church family they "don't feel quite the urge to get together with other denominations that some church groups do."

(The National Council of Churches' 1961 *Yearbook of American Churches* lists 21 Methodist bodies in this country.)

The commission was appointed at the General Conference in 1960. It will report at the 1964 General Conference.

No official statements were issued following the commission sessions.

A survey of 2,653 persons in Michigan revealed that only 30 per cent of those interviewed thought The Methodist Church should work toward merger with other Protestant churches.

The survey, made by the department of research and survey of the Division of National Missions, did show, how-

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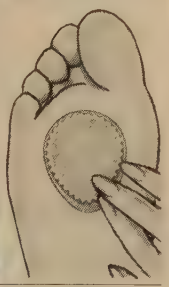

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Dr. E. Benson Perkins, British secretary of the World Methodist Council, spoke at the dedication of this John Wesley statue. He represented British Methodism and Lord J. Arthur Rank, who gave the statue to Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., as a token gift to American Methodist.

ever, that 51 per cent believed that The Methodist Church should work with other denominations through Councils of Churches.

Together *in Public Places*

John R. Thomson, Kansas City, Kans., chairman of the Kansas City District Methodist Men, has suggested that Methodist Men can do evangelistic work by placing TOGETHER in public places such as barber shops, beauty parlors, and doctor's offices.

"To notice TOGETHER is to read TOGETHER," he said.

There are numerous subscription plans which would enable Methodist Men to place TOGETHER in public places.

Interested clubs should contact John L. Sellers, TOGETHER, 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn.

Dr. C. Lloyd Daugherty Dies

Dr. C. Lloyd Daugherty, 53, associate secretary and director of the Methodist Board of Evangelism's Department of Local Church Evangelism, died after a heart attack June 15 at his home in Nashville, Tenn.

Funeral services were in Nashville and burial was in his native Pittsburgh, Pa.

Survivors include his wife, four children, and two grandchildren.

Dr. Daugherty received a bachelor of arts degree in 1930 from the University of Pittsburgh, a bachelor of systematic theology in 1935 from Harvard Divinity School, and a doctor of divinity degree in 1941 from Adrian (Mich.) College.

Congresswoman Sets Record

Sen. Margaret Chase Smith (R., Maine), a Methodist who has served in the United States Senate since 1949 and in Congress since 1940, was hailed

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER adds more names of Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays to its Century Club rolls. The new members are:

Mrs. Virginia Feather, 103, Kingwood, W.Va.

William Shearer, 102, Little Rock, Ark.

Mrs. Effie Rose, 101, Fairfield, Maine.

Mrs. Emma Walbridge, 100, Wauneta, Nebr.

Elbert R. Cobb, 100, Natchitoches, La.

Mrs. Opha Griffith, 100, Manchester, Ohio.

More names of Methodists, 100 years or older, will be published as they are received. Please allow two months for publication.

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by her fellow lawmakers for participating in her 1,000th consecutive roll-call vote, an unequaled mark.

Several senators spoke in tribute to her devotion to duty. She is the only woman ever elected to three full terms in the Senate.

MSM Adopts Strong Report

At its annual meeting, the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement called for the termination of the House Un-American Activities Committee, said the United States should "cease unilaterally blocking the admission" of Communist China into the United Nations, and opposed federal aid to parochial schools.

Going on record as favoring universal disarmament, the conference declared:

"We vehemently deplore the intimation that the U.S. will soon resume nuclear tests."

Racial discrimination was scored by the group, which said, "We implore all persons in the church to speak out and to lend their fullest support to all movements toward integration within the structures of the church at all levels and in all related institutions."

Wayne Proudfoot, Tacoma, Wash., was elected president to succeed Kaneaster Hodges, Jr., Newport, Ark., at the meeting held at Southwestern College, Winfield, Kans.

Mobile Mission to Begin

The Rev. LeRoy W. Ping, Kokomo, Ind., has been appointed by Bishop T. Otto Nall of the Minnesota Area to begin a mobile mission for Minnesota Methodism.

Mr. Ping will serve sparsely populated and isolated sections.

Scene from the new Lutheran film, Question 7, *shows the Osterstadt unit of Free German Youth marching through streets of an East German city. The film will be released for distribution to regular commercial theaters beginning early this fall.*

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Methodists in the News

The Rev. B. J. Stiles, staff member of the Methodist Board of Education, is the new editor of *motive*, national magazine of the Methodist Student Movement.

Dr. Roosevelt David Crockett is the new president of Philander Smith College, Little Rock, Ark.

Dr. Nobushige Ukai has been appointed president of International Christian University in Japan.

Bill Daniel, a Methodist layman of Liberty, Tex., has been inaugurated as governor of Guam. He is a brother of Texas' Governor Price Daniel.

Leo Pitts, Arlington, Va., was cited by the Office of the Chief of Air Force Chaplains for his "unselfish and sacrificial service" in producing the weekly telecast, *Chapel of the Air.*

Nicky Jo Huestis, 20-year-old Methodist of Taft, Tex., has been selected as one of the first 28 young men to undergo training at Rutgers University for the Peace Corps.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Keep it Simple! You don't need a trunkful of equipment to take good pictures both indoors and out. When our photographer shot this month's eight-page color pictorial [see Georgia's Wesleyan College—Always Making History! *pages 37 to 44*], *he carried only one Rollei loaded with daylight color film, a tripod, an exposure meter, and two No. 2-B (blue) photofloods in simple sockets attached to handy clamps. The blue floods allowed him to match the daylight streaming in windows for inside shots, and to move outside without changing film type. He attached the clamps to open doors, hot water pipes, and picture frames when he didn't have a free hand.*

As photography moves indoors for the winter, remember to keep your equipment simple—and follow these good-sense rules: (1) match daylight color film with blue bulbs in the presence of daylight, and (2) use tungsten film with clear, incandescent bulbs for night work.

For some interesting results of mixing tungsten and daylight (we blush), see next month's Camera Clique.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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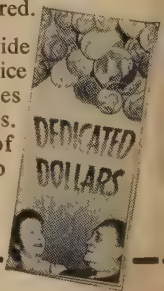

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ETTERS (*continued from page 10*)

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yer, or Tither? [March, page 26]:

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8. Teacher training (church school, second grade) for wife—$8.

The grand total is $47.

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hurches are struggling to raise their
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MRS. BERTIE KINSLOW
Oglesby, Tex.

I want to thank you for entering my
ame in your *Name Your Hobby* column
nder my specialty, collecting church
ulletins. I have received more than
00 from several different countries.

I am a shut-in and my bulletin col-
ection is my greatest pleasure.

Spirit of '66 Was Methodist

DAVID B. CHAMBERLAIN, *Pastor*
John Street Methodist Church
New York, N.Y.

Congratulations on *Album of Method-*
st Americana, another fine presentation
f Methodist history, in the July issue
f TOGETHER [page 37].

We are very grateful for the atten-
ion given to old John Street Church
n New York through the Wesley clock
page 42], the Barbara Heck material
[page 43], and the quotation keynoting the album [page 37]. But please notice the error in the statement on Barbara Heck and the beginnings of the society in New York [page 43]. The correct date is 1766, not 1776.

Even though type gremlins were working overtime against us, a date so prominent in the history of American Methodism should not have slipped by. For it was in the autumn of 1766, after repeated urging from Barbara Heck, that Philip Embury preached to a congregation of five in his rented home at 10 Augustus Street, launching the first organized Methodist unit in New York. For more particulars, see Barbara Heck Makes a Point [*April, page 2*] *and* The Three Roots of American Methodism [*November, 1959, page 25*].—EDS.

Bully for Bishop Kennedy!

JOE VERNON
Garland, Tex.

It was refreshing to read Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy's *No Government Aid to Parochial Schools!* [June, page 13].

But more important than his stand on the issue per se is the fact that, at long last, a highly placed official of The Methodist Church has taken a public stand on something besides the admission of Red China to the UN, or the freeing of communist spies.

We lose sight of the fact that the Roman Catholic Church and its hierarchy are dedicated to the subjugation of all other religious orders. This is their goal, and only by taking a strong and irrevocable position against their inroads into our political picture can Protestants ever hope to survive.

Bully for Bishop Kennedy!

It's in the Book

LYSLE LACY
Montezuma, Ohio

I have read *No Government Aid to Parochial Schools!* [June, page 13]. This is a very fine article, of particular interest to us in Montezuma.

For about four years we had a very difficult situation here with our own public school. With this community just a little over half Protestant, we eventually were able to defeat a Catholic attempt to establish a parochial school with state aid.

More articles of this kind should be brought forth in TOGETHER. I also would like to see *Religion and the Public Schools* [June, page 15] reprinted from time to time.

The position of The Methodist Church on Religion and the Public Schools which appeared in the June issue was reprinted word for word from the 1960 Methodist Discipline (*Paragraph 2028*), *available for $1.75 at any Cokesbury Book Store.*—EDS.

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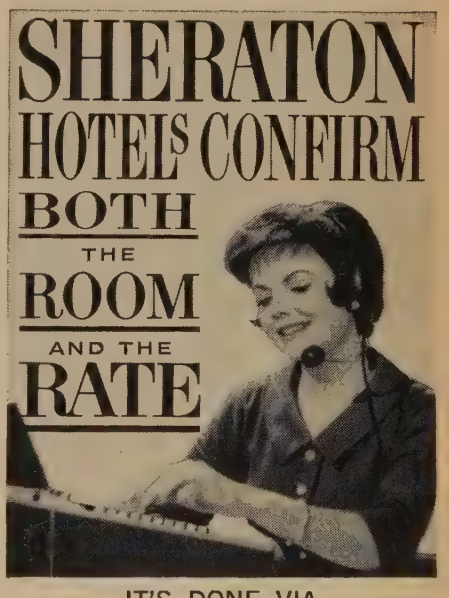

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Perfection Salad

Doubly delighted are twins Joanie and Janie Moeckley, of the Britton (S.Dak.) Methodist Church.

'A Perfect Recipe'

SOON AFTER *Feeding Fifty* first invited churches to share treasured recipes, Mrs. Ronald Longnecker of West Plains, Mo., sent me four that had been favorites of her mother-in-law and of countless diners in the First Methodist Church there.

I wish I had known Mrs. Leroy Longnecker. Her recipes speak for themselves, and her daughter-in-law writes of her with unusual love and tenderness. She must have been a wonderful woman—and cook!

The ladies of the WSCS at First Methodist Church in Rapid City, S.Dak., can vouch for Mother Longnecker's culinary skills. I sent them her well-tested recipe for Perfection Salad, and they served it to 220 people at the youth banquet during the South Dakota Annual Conference. Mrs. Donald Varcoe, WSCS president, reported that it was easy to make and particularly refreshing with the main course, ham loaf. The rest of the menu: potatoes with cheese sauce, peas and carrots, hot rolls, and strawberry shortcake.

Here's Mother Longnecker's recipe for 50:

Perfection Salad

10 tablespoons unflavored gelatin
1 ¾ quarts cold water
1 ¼ cups boiling water
2 cups sugar
2 teaspoons salt
1 ½ cups white vinegar
1 cup lemon juice
1 quart shredded cabbage
1 quart shredded carrots
1 ½ cups chopped green (sweet) peppers
1 cup diced canned pimentos

Soften gelatin in cold water. Dissolve in boiling water. Stir in sugar, salt, vinegar, and lemon juice. Chill to consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Fold in vegetables (be sure these are chopped fine). Pour into a pan 18 by 12 by 2 inches or 50 custard cups. Chill until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves and top with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. A few slices of unpeeled apple can be added to the topping (for color).

Speaking of such a good summer recipe reminds me: the hot weather's almost over, but regardless of the season church cooks *never* should serve cream puddings, cream pies, or cream puffs unless they're refrigerated immediately after being prepared and kept cold until served. Fresh foods not used right away should go in the refrigerator, too. Meats can spoil if they're kept at room temperature for long periods after cooking, and ham and left-over chicken and turkey can cause food poisoning if not kept cool. So, if you're in doubt, always put it in the refrigerator.

My sincere thanks to all of you readers who have sent me fascinating church cookbooks. And, since I'm always delighted to receive new suggestions, anyone else who'd like to share a cookbook, a quantity recipe, or a successful idea for feeding crowds is invited to write me here at TOGETHER, 740 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

—SALLY WESLEY

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Tape Twins—With gift-giving days a proaching, you'll want to stock up cellophane tape for wrapping, other us about the house. Here's a value on L Page's tape, each in own dispenser. Y get two, big 1,000″ rolls (equal to t 25¢ rolls). Both for 58¢! *Walter Drake, TO-46, Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.*

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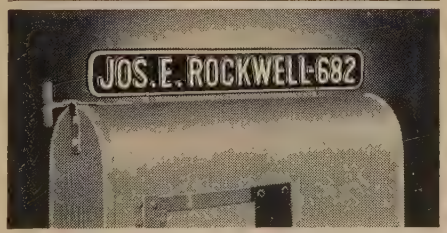

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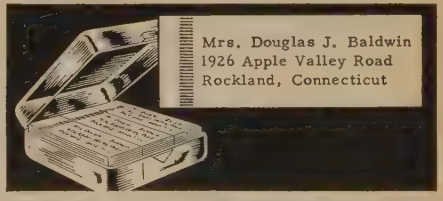

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From Old Main, built in 1879, students march to worship services in a chapel dedicated as a memorial to former students who died in World War I.

Dublin's Wesley College—

Education in the Old Tradition

FOR 116 YEARS the mist and fleeting sunshine of Old Ireland have come to mellow the buildings and brighten the green playing fields of Wesley College. It is a projection of the belief of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, that education should begin and end in one place—preferably a small Christian school. Here in Dublin the atmosphere is rich in tradition and scholarshi for 500 boys and girls (kindergarten through high-scho age) who are housed, frankly, in dark and antiquate buildings. Currently, a world-wide drive is underwa for $280,000 needed to modernize and expand faciliti for the largest Protestant school in the Irish Republi

"Sonny" Shaw: Recalcitrant Student?

G. B. Shaw's Record—Not So Good!

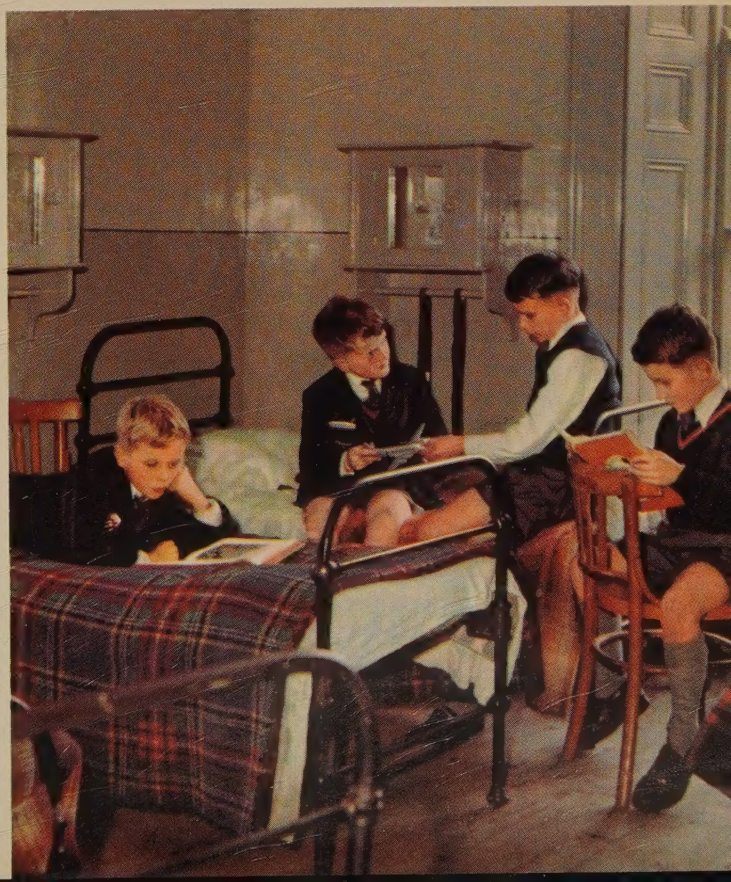
BOTH FRIENDS and critics of the late George Bernard Shaw were fond of calling him incalculable, cantankerous, lopsided, and ego-centered. Most agreed, however, that the famed Irish dramatist was a genius—even though, as "Sonny" Shaw, he showed a singular lack of promise when he attended Wesley College as a boy back in 1865.

"Generally near or at the bottom of his classes," was the record Shaw left at Wesley. He often claimed he "learned nothing there It would appear, however, that his instructo did detect a hint of promise in at least o subject. Shaw said: "Only in literature, d the school establish a claim to have foresee my future celebrity." But Wesley was n alone. Shaw attended four Dublin schoo found them "prisons"; and later he irascib thumbed his nose at all educational establis ments—including Trinity and Oxford.

Down they go—with a pooch who wasn't in the line-up! Rugby at sports-minded Wesley College, as elsewhere, can be rougher than American football.

Chemistry lab: John Wesley would have approved, for he was a life-long student of science.

Crowded corner: The college, almost entirely without capital endowments, is hard pressed for space. In Ireland there are no state grants for needed buildings at secondary schools.



On Founders Day these choristers sing a Charles Wesley hymn written for Methodism's first school, Kingswood, started in 1748 in England by John Wesley.

IT IS TRUE that John Wesley, in his mar trips across the Irish sea, sowed the seeds Methodism in Ireland; it is also true th three who left the island—Robert Strawbirdg Philip Embury, and Barbara Heck—tran planted it to the fertile soil of coloni America. Back home, where only 5 per ce of the population is Protestant, Wesley Co lege has remained a strong core of Methodisn The school is the responsibility of the Met odist Church in Ireland, which has 250 mi isters—many of them graduates of Wesley- and a community of 75,000. Holding to th policy set down in 1845 by the founders, group of Methodists, Wesley College co tinues "to give a thorough literary an commercial education, combined with soun religious and moral training."

"Say, this is a hard problem!" For the moment, pretty little Hilary is in a quandary. Did she find the answer? Well, turn to this month's cover—and then see what you think!

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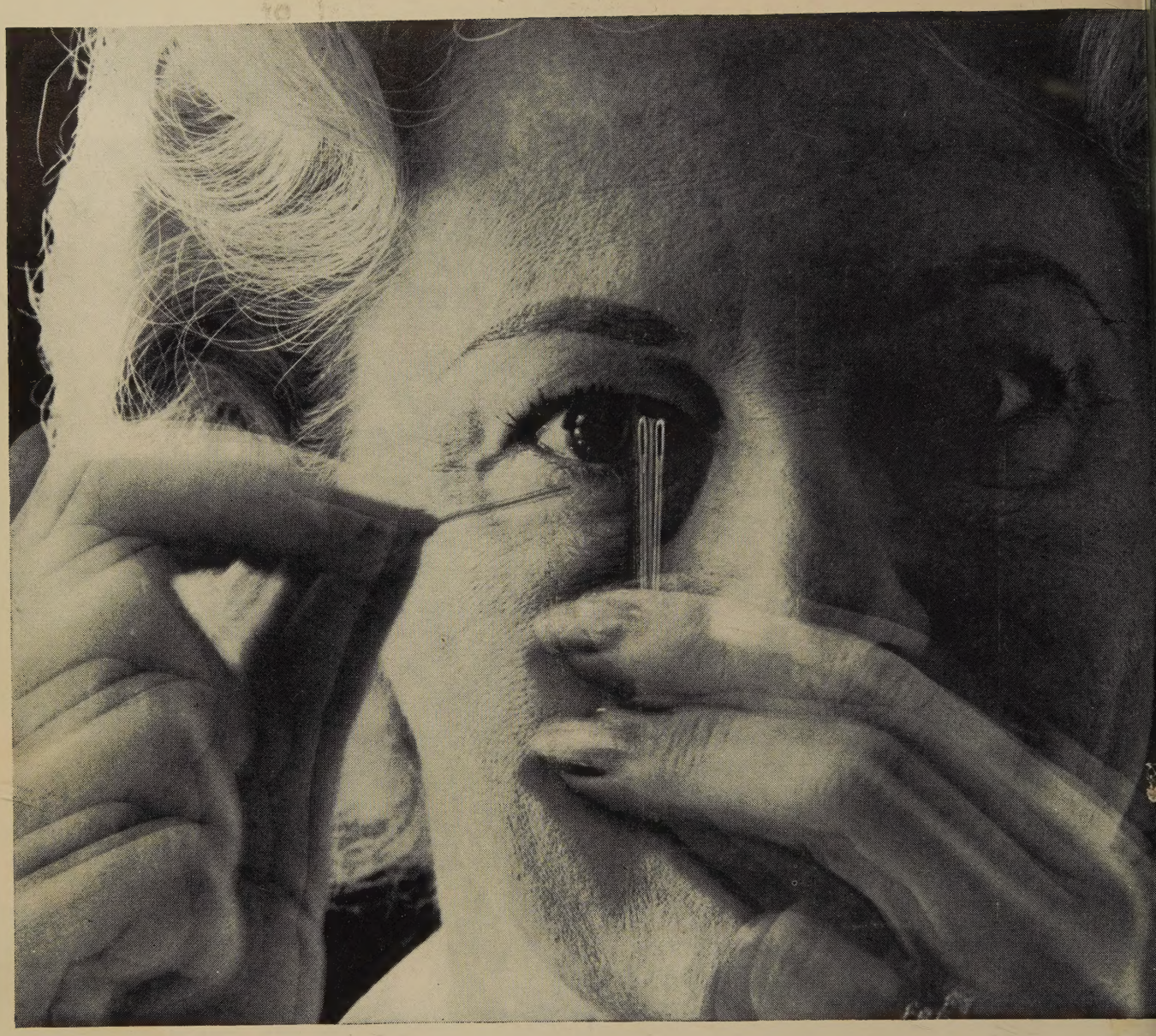

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"Well—I've been blessing the doctor and Postum ever since! My nerves are much steadier, I sleep much better and I really enjoy drinking Postum. My only regret is I didn't change to Postum sooner!"

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